

# The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1881.

NO. 19

## WEATHER BULLETIN.

The following, reported specially for the TRIBUNE, shows the condition of the weather at the various points mentioned, at 9:30 last evening:

Station.	Temp.	Direction of Winds.	Velocity of Wind.	State of Weather.
Bismarck.....	51	S	Fresh	Cloudy
Fr. Stevenson.....	51	SE	Fresh	Cloudy
Fr. Buford.....	51	SE	Fresh	Cloudy
Fr. Rough.....	51	SE	Fresh	Cloudy
Fr. G. Custer.....	51	S	Fresh	Cloudy
Fr. Benton.....	51	N	Fresh	Clear
Deadwood.....	26	S	Calm	Clear
Helena.....	18	S	Fresh	Fair

Buford, stationary.  
Keogh, stationary.

C. CRAMER,  
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

LOCAL news on four pages of this morning's TRIBUNE.

BAYARD has retired. The democrats did not remain long in the ascendancy.

THE fund in New York city for the benefit of the Michigan sufferers has reached \$94,258.

THE British believe in crushing agitation. Parnell's arrest is Gladstone's blunder.

The ground was covered with snow at Madrid, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., yesterday morning.

THE American branch of the land league will redouble its work, and stand by its brothers in Ireland in this trying hour.

IT is announced that Secretary Kirkwood will not be a candidate for senatorial honors from Iowa, leaving the field clear for Wilson.

THE treasury department yesterday purchased \$390,000 ounces of fine silver for the Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco mints.

ONE of the Arkansas train robbers, recently caught, is reported to be a brother-in-law of United States Senator Garland. He has always been a hard case.

IF you can't be a good out and out republican, be an independent republican. By so doing you may be rewarded as was Senator David Davis yesterday.

THE Minnesota legislature is now brought face to face with the Chamberlain proposition. The question of honor or dishonor must now be decided.

IOWA gave 50,000 republican majority Tuesday, and 33,000 over both democrats and greenbackers. Hoyt Sherman, a brother of John, is elected governor.

AT one time James A. and Thomas F. Bayard, father and son, were senators together from the same state, a distinction not enjoyed by any other American family.

ASHMEAD and the baroness are just as happy as two sucking doves. It is said that he calls her "Burdie," and she keeps her new teeth in his shaving mug. Bless the dear old girl, she always was a giddy thing.

GEN. HARRIS announces the appointment of Geo Cross, late superintendent and general freight agent of the Empire line as superintendent of transportation of the North Pacific railroad. Mr. Cross will prove a valuable addition to the management of the North Pacific.

ON the 10th inst. 3,300 Blood and Piegan Indians were paid their annuities at Fort McLeod. The head man received \$50, the minor chiefs \$25 each, the councilmen \$15 each and nearly all the others \$5 each. Those who did not take their pay last year received \$10 each this time. They are in high spirits, and are making things lively about the fort.

THE TRIBUNE is constantly improving. This morning it prints the best news of yesterday's associated press reports and supplements it with special telegrams sent exclusively for the TRIBUNE, from New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Paul. These dispatches cost much more than the regular report, but the TRIBUNE believes in making it a necessity and a source of pleasure and information to its readers, even if it don't make a cent.

## Furs! Furs!!

Seal and mink sables and dolmans, fur-lined garments, ladies' fur turbans, hats and bonnets, fur gloves and mittens, fur trimmings or anything else in the fur line can be ordered by mail of Eichelzer & Co., 212 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis. Goods sent on approval. Mail orders promptly attended to.

## TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

**Hon. David Davis is Elected by the Republicans as a Successor to Bayard.**

**He Takes His Seat as President of the Senate—His Speech of Acceptance.**

**Parnell, the Irish Agitator, Arrested and Placed in Jail—Excitement in Dublin.**

**Minnesota legislature Bro Face to Face With the Repudiated Bonds—Greenleaf Clark.**

**Loss of Life by the Burning of a Mill at Philadelphia—Heartrending Scenes.**

**\* Davis Elected.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—In the Senate to-day Logan nominated David Davis for president pro tem to displace Bayard. Carried. Yess, 36, nays, 34. Davis and Bayard did not vote. The election was in accordance with the programme arranged by the republicans in the caucus, and ends the brief democratic reign. On every vote during the session Davis has voted with the republicans. He was escorted to the chair by Bayard and Anthony, and is taking the chair, said:

"Fellow Senators:—The honor just conferred gives me the seat which I now occupy in the body, and which was given without any expectation on my part. If it carried with it any obligations, I should be constrained to decline the high compliment. I do not accept it as a tribute to my personal merit, but rather as a recognition of the independent position I have occupied in the politics of the country. I am profoundly gratified and it shall be my endeavor, as it will be my duty, to administer that trust with fairness. Not having been trained in parliamentary practice, I shall, as far as possible, endeavor to conduct the senate in this respect, and I hope for generous co-operation on all sides. The senate will come to order."

**Loss of Life.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.—The fire in Berger's mill, in this city, last night, resulted more disastrously than was at first supposed. Men and women imprisoned in the building were seized with frenzy, and although the crowd outside shouted to them that help would soon reach them, many jumped from the high windows and were killed or horribly maimed. The total number of dead exceeds twenty, there being ten bodies in the ruins. Several of the injured will die. Most of the victims are young girls. The scene during the fire was heart rending in the extreme.

**Not a Candidate.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 13.—Greenleaf Clark, of St. Paul, has written a letter declining to be a candidate for associate justice of the supreme court against Judge Vanderburg of this city.

**Those Repudiated Bonds.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

ST. PAUL, Oct. 13.—In both branches of the legislature to-day bills were introduced to accept the proffer made by Mr. Chamberlain for the payment of the Minnesota state railroad bonds.

**Parnell Arrested.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The cable announces the arrest of Parnell, the Irish agitator, on the charge of sedition. He has been placed in jail. Dublin is wild with excitement.

**Departments Closed.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—President Arthur has ordered all departments closed to-morrow, at 12 m. that the employees may have an opportunity to participate in the reception to the French visitors.

**Hayes Threatened.**

Ex-President Hayes is quoted by the Cleveland Herald as saying that he has always had a presentiment that Garfield would live. He added: "My life was threatened many times. I have a large package of letters labeled 'Threats of Assassination,' but I frequently walked alone, for exercise, around several squares in Washington, and faced boldly on all occasions, where danger was suspected, against the advice of others. The ushers would generally detect crazy persons, and turn them away, but one morning a man came to me and demanded a deed for the land of the Pacific railway, and had to be put out."

## THE ASSASSIN GUITEAU.

**Further Extracts From His Autobiography—The Fatal Day.**

"Having heard on Friday from the papers, and also by my inquiries of the door-keeper at the White House, Friday evening, that the president was going to Long Branch Saturday morning, I resolved to remove him at the depot. I took my breakfast at the Riggs House about 8 o'clock. I ate well and felt well in body and mind. I went to Lafayette square, and sat there some little time after breakfast, waiting for 9 o'clock to come, and then I went to the depot and I got there about ten minutes after nine. I then went into the depot and took my private papers which I intended for the press (including a revised edition of my book, 'The Truth or Companion to the Bible') and stepped up to the news stand and asked the young man in charge if I could leave those papers with him for a few minutes, and he said, 'Certainly,' and he took them and placed them against the wall on top of some other papers. This was about 9:30, and I went into the ladies' waiting room and I looked around, saw there were quite a good many people there in the depot, and carriages outside, but I did not see the President's carriage.

I EXAMINED MY REVOLVER to see that it was all right, and took off the paper that I had wrapped around it to keep the moisture off. I waited five or six minutes longer, sat down on a seat in the ladies' room, and very soon the president drove up. He was in company with a gentleman, who, I understand, was Mr. Blaine, and I am satisfied that he was Mr. Blaine, although I did not recognize him. This gentleman looked very old, and he had a peculiar kind of headgear on, that I did not recognize as that of Mr. Blaine. I am satisfied that it was Mr. Blaine, now that my attention has been specially called to it, because it was the same gentleman that I saw with the president the night before, and I know positively that that gentleman was Mr. Blaine. The president and this gentleman drove up in a plain single-seated carriage with one horse; this gentleman, I think, was driving. It was a single carriage—single seated top buggy. The president seemed to be very earnestly

EARNESTLY IN PRIVATE CONVERSATION with this gentleman, who evidently was Mr. Blaine, although at the time I did not recognize him as Mr. Blaine. They sat in the carriage, I should say some two minutes; they had not completed their conversation when they reached the depot, and during the interview of two minutes they finished their conversation. During this time they were engaged in very earnest and private conversation, as I have said. The president got out on the pavement side and Mr. Blaine on the other side. They entered the ladies' room; I stood there watching the president and they passed by me. Before they reached the depot I had been promenading up and down the ladies' room between the ticket office door and the news stand door, a space of some ten or twelve feet. I walked up and down there, I should say two or three times working myself up, as I knew the hour was at hand. The president and Mr. Blaine came into the ladies' room and walked right by me; they did not notice, me as there were quite a number of ladies and children in the room.

**HOW THE PRESIDENT FELL.**

"There was quite a large crowd of ticket purchasers at the gentleman's ticket-office in the adjoining room; the depot seemed to be quite full of people. There was quite a crowd and commotion around, and the president was in the act of passing from the ladies' room to the main entrance through the door. I should say he was about four or five feet from the door nearest the ticket office, in the act of passing through the door to get through the depot to the cars. He was about three or four feet from the door. I stood five or six feet behind him, right in the middle of the room, and as he was in the act of walking away from me I pulled out the revolver and fired. He straightened up and threw his head back and seemed to be perfectly bewildered. He did not seem to know what struck him. I looked at him; he did not drop; I thereupon pulled again. He dropped his head, seemed to reel, and fell over. I do not know where the first shot hit; I aimed at the hollow of his back; I did not aim for any particular place, but I knew if I got those two bullets in his back he would certainly go. I was in a diagonal direction from the president, to the northwest, and supposed both shots struck."

## ELECTRIC EPISTLES.

**Written in Different Parts of the Country and Telegraphed to the "Tribune."**

**President Arthur Decides Not to Announce His Cabinet Nominations Just at Present.**

**But Asks the Senate to Adjourn for a few Days and Go to Yorktown.**

**A Mob in South Carolina Reverse the popular Verdict of a Jury.**

**Secretary Blaine Comments Upon the Death of Garfield—Other Important News.**

## A Good Motto.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 13.—Jack Williams, a negro, convicted at Drangleburg, South Carolina on Saturday, for an outrage upon a white girl aged eleven, was taken from jail about two o'clock yesterday morning, and hanged. The jury, through a misunderstanding rendered a verdict "guilty" with a recommendation for mercy. Under the statute such recommendation reduces punishment from death to a life imprisonment, and the prisoner was sentenced on Wednesday accordingly. The public incensed against the jury, determined that the prisoner should never reach the penitentiary, as the crime was revolting in its details and the prisoner had confessed his guilt. The following was found fastened across the breast of the body of Williams and was painted in large letters on a piece of white home spun: "Our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters shall be protected, the decision of a Drangleburg jury to the contrary, notwithstanding."

## First To Yorktown.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—President Arthur has determined that he will not send to the senate nominations for the cabinet until after the Yorktown celebration. He said this afternoon that he would be gratified if the senate would not take any early step towards adjournment. He added: "Of course I will have to go to Yorktown myself and would be pleased to have all of the senators go. When asked further as to his wishes he suggested that the senators take a recess of several days to attend the centennial and do honor to the French and German visitors. He added that he would not detain the senate many days after the return from Yorktown.

## Knew He Would Die.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Secretary Blaine told a friend recently that he made up his mind on the 23d of last July that President Garfield would die, and he then determined to offer his resignation immediately on the inauguration of President Arthur. Blaine said he had never changed his mind after that date as to the fate of Garfield.

## Immigration to the West.

The chief of the Washington bureau of statistics reports the total immigration for July and August as 113,570. It is now certain that the immigration for 1881 will be greatly in excess of 600,000, and that the total figures will make the present year the greatest year of immigration in the history of the United States. How vast is the population that seek new homes on our shores may be comprehended from a consideration of the fact that the immigration of 1881 will be equal to more than a hundredth part of the entire republic. Germany still leads the list, furnishing us with 13,130 immigrants in August, against 11,918 for the corresponding month of last year. England and Wales contributed 15,711 during July and August, and Ireland 10,728. It is noticed that fewer emigrants are leaving Ireland for America than in former years while other nationalities are crossing the waters in increasing numbers. The addition made by this foreign population to the national wealth cannot be estimated accurately, but the average has been computed at \$1,000 per immigrant, which would make an addition of six hundred millions to the aggregate wealth of this country during the present year. The bulk of these wealth producers make their homes in the northern, more especially the northwestern states.

## Gen. Kilpatrick's old war horse, Spot.

Spot, now 28 years old, is quietly grazing on the General's farm at Deckertown, N. J., where J. E. Kelly, the New York artist, has recently painted his portrait. The old piebald is as high-heeled and vigorous as in the war times, when he proudly bore the General into the storm of shot and shell at the head of the Third Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, and at the head of the cavalry on Sherman's "march to the sea." Spot saw service in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and perhaps has been more frequently under fire than any horse now living. By the General he is regarded as one of the most precious relics of the war.

## A Bonanza.

One half section within twenty minutes

walk of the Sheridan house, Bismarck,

D. T., for sale at \$20 per acre. Fifty

acres ready for crop next spring. Ad-

dress the TRIBUNE.

## A WORTHY ORGANIZATION.

**A Society of Bismarck Ladies Banded Together for Works of Charity.**

Pursuant to an invitation read from the different pulpits on Sunday last, a number of ladies met at the Methodist church on Thursday afternoon to plan for the winter. An organization was effected and a constitution was submitted and adopted. The first two articles read as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The name of this society shall be the Ladies' Christian Union.

ART. 2. The object of the union is, all be, with the Divine blessing, to plan and execute any Christian work, enterprise, or charity, which in the judgment of the union seems needed for the good of the community.

After the signing of the constitution, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. C. S. Weaver; first vice president, Mrs. C. L. Smith; second vice president, Mrs. W. S. Bennett; third vice president, Mrs. John Davidson; fourth vice president, Mrs. Wm. Machin; secretary, Mrs. W. C. Stevens; assistant, Mrs. L. A. Plumb; treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Bentley.

Committees were appointed to solicit funds, and the first work attempted will be the establishing of a reading room for young men. The success of this work will depend entirely upon the liberality of our citizens, but the ladies start full of hope and enthusiasm and will not easily become discouraged. The want of such a room has been long felt, and if the ladies are willing to undertake the work, they should be rewarded with willing assistance.

## THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Senate.

A FULL HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—The assembling in special session of the senate was witnessed by a large number of persons, who, as early as 11 o'clock, filled the galleries to their utmost capacity. The desk, formerly occupied by Senator Burnside, was tastefully draped with black and white. Several bouquets ornamented the desks of prominent senators. The senators elect, Aldrich, Lapham and Miller, occupied seats upon the floor on the Republican side. The senate was called to order by Mr. Harris of Tennessee, who, after a prayer by Chaplain Bullock, who alluded in a feeling manner to the death of President Garfield, Senator Burnside, and Secretary Burch, said:

"I have been requested by a number of senators on both sides of the chamber to call the senate to order. If there be no objections we will call the senate to order that we may proceed with its business.

The senate will please come to order and the clerk will report to the senate the message of the president concerning this session of the senate."

The president's proclamation was read, as follows:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—To the Senate of the United States: I transmit herewith a copy of a proclamation for the convening of the extraordinary session of the senate of the United States, at the capital in the city of Washington, on the 10th day of October instant at noon.

(Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Here follows the proclamation published September 23.

The president's proclamation having been read, Mr. Pendleton moved the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That Thomas F. Bayard, a senator from Delaware, is hereby chosen president pro tem. of the senate.

Mr. Edmunds said that, of course, he did not object to the present consideration of the resolution, but he thought that, under the existing circumstances, it was his duty to present the credentials of the senators-elect, which he thereupon did. The credentials having been read, Edmunds moved that the oath of office be administered to those gentlemen by Mr. Anthony, the senior senator.

The amendment offered by Edmunds to Pendleton's resolution gave rise to a short discussion, but it was finally rejected—yeas, 33; nays, 34—Mahone and Davis of Illinois voting with the Republicans.

Mr. Edmunds then proposed an amendment providing that Thomas F. Bayard shall be elected presiding officer for this day only, and argued in support of the amendment, contending that it would comply with both the letter and the spirit of the law and would allow the States of New York and Rhode Island to have a voice in the election of a permanent president pro tem.

Mr. Vest criticized the language used by Mr. Edmunds in intimating that the Democrats were attempting to grasp a prize made possible to them by an assassination. The foul assassin who had struck down the president had had no invocation for Democratic success, but the invocation had been for a fraction of the Republican party. If there was responsibility for the crime, directly or indirectly, it rested on his political opponents and not with the Democratic party. He charges no one, but the intimation that the Democrats of the country had anything but tears for the dead president, sorrow for his family and execration for the miserable assassin, he declared to be absolutely false. He contended in the course of further remarks that it was the duty of the Democratic senators to elect a president pro tem, and recalled the phrase so often quoted at the last session of the senate, "The voice of the constitutional majority is the voice of God." The constitutional majority to-day happened to be on the Democratic side, and of course in the opinion of his Republican friends its voice was scarcely divine utterance.

A yea and nay vote on Edmunds' amendment resulted in its defeat by 33 to 34. Edmunds then offered another amendment substituting the name of Senator Anthony for that of Senator Bayard as president pro tem. The vote was at once taken and the amendment defeated, ayes 32, nays 34. Mahone voted with the Republicans. Senator David Davis did not vote.

The original resolution introduced by Pendleton was then adopted by 34 to 32. Davis of Illinois did not vote. Mahone voted with the Republicans. The chair then appointed Senators Anthony and Pendleton to escort President pro tem. elect Bayard to the chair.

On taking the chair, Bayard spoke as follows:

THEY ARE AGIN' MONOPOLIES.

oath. Mr. Edmunds said that he would not object to the presentation of the petition, and it was laid upon the table. Hereafter it may be referred to the committee on privileges and elections. A committee consisting of Senators Pendleton and Anthony were appointed to wait upon the president and inform him that the senate was organized and ready to proceed to business, after which a recess of half an hour was taken. At the expiration of that time the senate reconvened, and the committee reported that the president had said that he would communicate with the senate in writing to-morrow. Mr. Edmunds presented a resolution that the standing committee of the last session be continued for the present session, and that the president pro tem. fill any vacancy that might exist. Mr. Harris promptly objected, and the resolution goes over until to-morrow under the rule. The senate then adjourned.

### PROBLEMATICAL.

It cannot be definitely stated what will be the course pursued by the opposing parties in the senate with reference to the completion of the organization, for the reason that neither side has yet fixed upon a line of action. There is a deep conviction among Republican senators that every possible safeguard should be thrown about President Arthur. When Senator Bayard was elected president pro tem., it was impossible to do anything but file a protest, because the Democrats had the power. With the admission of the new senators the conditions have changed. The Republicans have at least as many votes as the other side, and it may be that they have a practical majority, should Judge Davis continue his policy of refraining from voting either way. There is a pretty well matured purpose to attempt to make him president pro tem., but the matter has not been made the subject of caucus action. It probably will be to-morrow forenoon, as the Republicans meet for consultation at that time. Some of the Republicans fear the Democrats may resort to caudal motions to prevent a vote, but the best information to be obtained indicates that this apprehension is not well founded. Mr. Bayard himself is understood to hold that they cannot afford to assume the attitude of obstructionists when such a course might be traced to similar motives. At the caucus to-day it was decided that they should appear anxious to accelerate business and

### CLOSE THE SESSION THIS WEEK

if possible. This, of course, is incompatible with the idea of parliamentary tactics of a dilatory nature. It is understood that one feature of the situation with reference to the presidency is that a very considerable element of the Democratic side at heart did not care to accomplish the election of Bayard, and will do nothing to hinder his deposition. It fact, at least one of the Democrats said to-day that he could not be induced nor driven nor bound by the caucus to prevent the passage of a resolution to seat Judge Davis, except simply to vote against it, and if the other side had the power to elect him they could do so. He knew that his constituents would not expect him to do further than that for his party, and he would not do it.

Mrs. Christimay Details the History of Her Wrongs.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—In the hearing before the examiner to-day in the Christimay divorce suit, direct testimony of Mrs. Christimay was continued. She testified that when Mr. Christimay took her to his home, March 7, in the summer of 1876, the party consisted of himself and five sons, four grown and the other thirteen years of age. About two years of her married life was spent in Michigan. During that time she had charge of the house, and with the exception of the services of an inexperienced servant girl fifteen years old, she performed all of the household duties, including mending her clothes. The youngest son, George, was very kind to her, and they grew quite fond of each other. The others were kind enough when sober, but all were addicted to drinking, and when intoxicated would quarrel with themselves and their father. They used low language and had frequent brawls. She protested against being compelled to live that kind of a life, and wanted a house separate from her husband's sons, which he promised to provide but never did. She never said she would get a divorce, and if there were no grounds would get up some, unless at a time when she was indignant at the treatment she received. She did not believe in a divorce. When she left Peru she did not intend to apply for a divorce, although Christimay refused to provide for her. She did not think of doing so until after he applied for a divorce from her on the ground of adultery, after she returned home from Peru. She said nothing about what occurred there except to members of her own family. She kept from the public the fact that they had separated and the cause of it, and would not have told it to the public until compelled to do so by the petition for a divorce, even if he continued to refuse to support her.

### THEY ARE AGIN' MONOPOLIES.

The Strong Resolutions Adopted by the National Farmers' Alliance.

At the meeting of the Farmers' alliance at Chicago the committee on resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Farmers and others are oppressed by unequal taxation, by subsidies to monopolies, by selfish and dishonest officials, by railroad extortion and unjust discriminations, and by other privileged classes; and

Whereas, Congress only can regulate commerce among the States, and a national union of all interested is necessary for success—

Resolved, That farmers, and all in sympathy with them, unite in a local, State and national society for mutual agreement and united action.

Resolved, That all property, real and personal, corporate and individual, should be equally taxed, and that the holders of mortgages and other lines of property should be taxed for their lieu, and the owner for the balance of his property.

Resolved, That we favor a just income tax.

Resolved, That the salaries of all public officials, should be only a fair compensation for services rendered; that all government positions should be elective as far as practicable, and that the appointment of postmasters and other officers by the successful party is a gross violation of civil-service reform and a fruitful source of corruption.

Resolved, That we emphatically condemn the practice of receiving railroad passes by judges, members of congress, legislatures and other public officials.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the general government to at once exercise its constitutional right to regulate commerce between the States by passing such laws and establishing such regulations as will secure to the whole people just and partial rates for the transportation of freights and passengers.

Resolved, That the combination and consolidation of railroad capital and influence of the United States in the maintenance of an oppressive and tyrannical transportation system, is an accomplished fact, demanding instant vigorous and unceasing action on the part of the producers of the country to remediate the same; and we earnestly urge all farmers to organize through the Farmers' alliance or other organizations for systematic and persistent political action, and to subordinate other political questions to the emancipation of the people from this terrible oppression.

Resolved, That we demand such changes in our patent law as will give patentees a remedy for the infringement of their claims from the sellers of patents only, and not from their users, who are usually innocent purchasers of rights which they are made to believe are valid.

Resolved, That all persons should be allowed to make patented articles on payment of a royalty of a per cent. of the price of the article; the royalty to be the same on all patents.

Resolved, That the adulteration of food is as dishonest and more injurious than counterfeiting money, and should be punished as severely.

Resolved, That as delegated nominating conventions are frequently controlled by trading and bribery, and fail to justly represent the people, we recommend the plan of nominating all elective officers by direct vote of all members of the organization.

### A Change of Caskets.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 6.—At a late hour last night President Garfield's remains were transferred very quietly from the casket in which they came from Elberon to an air-tight casket made of sheet bronze. Mayor Herrick received a letter dated September 29, stating that on the representation of

the Union League club and prominent citizens of New York, the body was not placed in a proper receptacle, and a Metallic Burial Case company of New York offered a casket which was made specially for the purpose. Mrs. Garfield and Dr. J. H. Robinson were summoned by telegraph and came here yesterday to see the casket, which was sent on by a special car. Mrs. Garfield was well satisfied with the gift, and in accordance with her wishes the transfer of the remains was made. The casket is of sheet bronze, elaborately wrought with gold trimmings. A solid gold-plate label is fixed on top of the casket, which will be inscribed as Mrs. Garfield directs. The remains were in an unexpected good state of preservation; and now that a proper casket has been provided, it is probable that the plans of the monument committee will be changed, and instead of putting the body in the ground, a crypt will be erected, and the casket exposed to view.

### TRANSPORTATION TRACKS.

The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.

MADISON, Oct. 7.—Railroad Commissioner Turner to-day received the annual report of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway company for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881. The total income of the company for the year was \$2,139,593.79, of which \$574,385.64 was from passengers, \$1,565,208.15 from freight. Operating expenses, \$1,135,249.87, leaving \$1,004,003.92 as excess of income over operating expenses. Dividends declared during the year were \$336,138.25, all of which was on preferred stock. Amount of common stock issued since the date of last report, \$8,491,833.33; preferred stock, \$8,613,333.34. Total amount of stocks now outstanding, \$23,426,666.67. The stock issued during the year was to take up the stock of the roads consolidated June 1, 1880, and to purchase stock of the consolidated roads June 1, 1880, and to purchase the stock of the St. Paul & Sioux City Railway company. The total bonded indebtedness of the company is \$16,156,175, and its unfunded and floating stock is \$1,499,525.09. Total stock and debt, \$40,992,366.76, which is \$44,151,54,34, per mile on a total of 900 28-100 miles of road. The expenditures of the company on property accounts were as follows: Extension of the North Wisconsin railway, \$787,180.37; new lines in Nebraska, \$16,148.78; cost of the Menomonee railway, \$4,017.49; cost of the Black River railway, \$49,166.61; the Eau Claire & Chippewa Falls railway, \$1,591.28, right of way, \$2,363.92; new freight and passenger stations, water stations and wood sheds, \$47,830.32; new shops, engine houses and turntable, \$32,470.50; new freight depot, yard and grounds in Minneapolis, \$106,632.72; new draw bridge at Hudson, \$53,130.01; new bridge over the Chippewa river, \$84,279.44; new side tracks, \$33,893.79; new steamer for the Missouri river transfer, \$867.90; consolidation expenses, \$13,131.49; other expenditures sufficient to make a total of \$1,353,870.93 paid out for construction. Number of locomotives purchased during the year, thirty-six, at a cost of \$321,161.50; passenger, mail and baggage cars, five, at a cost of \$18,959.26; freight and other cars 1,309 at a cost of \$777,465.42. Total for the equipment \$1,117,587.18. Total cost of the line to date of this report, \$35,109,978.29; at date of last report, \$12,542,980.17. Cost of the St. Paul & Sioux City railway, \$18,728,684.48. At present the company owns 111 locomotives, 45 passenger cars, 77 baggage, mail and express cars, 3,223 freight cars and 59 other cars.

### A Paper Railroad.

SUPERIOR CITY, Wis., Oct. 2.—I saw a notice in the PIONEER PRESS that Mr. Egge of Duluth was to furnish 500 men for the Chicago, Portage & Superior railroad (otherwise the air line) and that things were just going to boom on that road, etc., etc. Said notice is a fair sample of the notices that have bombarded the public for the last four months in the Duluth papers, the Superior paper and about twice a week in the PIONEER PRESS.

Now the facts are that said company have not as yet spent one dollar in the construction of a railroad. They have not turned one shovelfull of dirt, grubbed out one stump nor even cleared out one rod of right of way on this sixty-five miles between here and Mud Lake on the North Wisconsin. They have ostensibly let six miles to Powell Bros., south of the Animonic, which gentlemen have now the enormous number of ten or twelve men building camps and aside from one or two log shanties and four months arguing, not another thing has been done toward the construction of said railroad. Now it is about time we had a holiday on this taffy. Four months of solid wind through the newspapers is enough, it seems to me, when not backed up by a yard of dirt or an acre of clearing.

The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha company have cleared, close chopped and grubbed five miles. They are also grading in five places on the same and have nearly 200 men at work on the fifteen miles from Superior south. Not men off the "Christmas tree," but in boots and breeches, with shovels, wheelbarrows and axes, actually building a railroad. Now if the air line company are going to build us a railroad we are glad of it, the more the merrier, but as yet it has all been built in the papers.

### The Northwestern in Iowa.

The Northwestern line north of Algona is to be finished to Elmore, where it connects with the St. Paul & Sioux City branch, by the end of this month. This will give a most important connection between the coal fields of Iowa and the lumber country of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Resolved, That we favor a just income tax.

Resolved, That all persons should be allowed to make patented articles on payment of a royalty of a per cent. of the price of the article; the royalty to be the same on all patents.

Resolved, That the adulteration of food is as dishonest and more injurious than counterfeiting money, and should be punished as severely.

Resolved, That as delegated nominating conventions are frequently controlled by trading and bribery, and fail to justly represent the people, we recommend the plan of nominating all elective officers by direct vote of all members of the organization.

### Garfield on a Church Edifice.

The Vermont avenue Christian Church at Washington, of which President Garfield was a member, voted to proceed immediately to build a new church, \$20,000 having been subscribed. It was resolved that the cost should not be less than \$35,000.

President Garfield was elected a permanent trustee. President Garfield's views regarding the church are given in the following hitherto unpublished letter written by him since his election: "I note what you say in regard to the new church building in Washington. I am glad to hear that the work is to be undertaken, and in answer to your inquiry I beg to offer but one suggestion, and that is that our brethren do not undertake to build too large a house.

Let us keh within our means, and also avoid anytng like ostentation, either in size or decoration. Let it be a neat, modest church of undersize, rather than oversize."

### CHEMISTRY IN CRIME.

A Trifle of Acid Reveals a Forger's Villainy. From the Chester (S. C.) Bulletin.

The recent death in our state penitentiary of W. W. Ward, the former sheriff of Williamsburg county, recalls the circumstances that led to the discovery of his crime, which are the most extraordinary in our criminal annals.

At the spring term, 1879, of the court of common pleas for Williamsburg county, J. H. Livingston brought suit against Ward to recover the sum of \$5,000, money loaned on Ward's sealed note. His Honor, Judge T. J. Mackey, presided, and by consent of counsel, heard the case without a jury.

The plaintiff proved the execution of the note and closed his case. Ward's counsel then produced the receipt of Livingston dated two years previous to the trial, for the whole amount due, principal and interest, and a witness testified he had seen the payment in \$100 bills and four \$500 bills, to Livingston himself on the day named in the receipt.

The plaintiff took the witness-stand and on examining the receipts admitted that it bore his true and genuine signature, but solemnly protested that he had not received \$1 from Ward and had never entered Ward's house in his life for any purpose. He declared that he was ruined, and that he and his wife would be made homeless by a false receipt which he could never explain, but which he never knowingly signed. On cross examination Livingston, who was an old man, admitted that his memory was very infirm and that he had on previous occasions received a payment of \$200 from another debtor of his which he afterward denied receiving, but which he recalled to memory when shown his receipt.

The plaintiff and his counsel, at this stage of the proceedings, were in utter despair, for their cause was apparently lost. Judge Mackey, however, whose subtle brain and practiced eye nothing could escape, and who follows crime through all its windings, directed that the receipt should be handed to him. He then ordered the sheriff to proceed to the nearest drug-store and purchase a drachm of muriatic acid and a small piece of sponge. On the return of the officer with the articles named, the judge said to the plaintiff, "Mr. Livingston, did you ever write a letter to the defendant, Ward, demanding payment of your money?" The plaintiff answered, "Yes, sir; I wrote him many letters, but never received an answer from him." Judge Mackey then observed to counsel, "I perceive that on the face of this receipt there are several peculiar brown spots and the original surface or sizing of the paper has been removed except in that portion where the signature was written. The body of the receipt is in the handwriting of the defendant. In my opinion the defendant has taken a letter of the plaintiff's and removed the writing with muriatic acid, and then wrote the receipt above the signature. I will now apply this acid to the writing on the back of the complaint in this case, and it will be seen that the writing will instantly disappear, and the paper will at once exhibit brown spots identical with those on the receipt." The acid was applied to the paper, and, as the writing disappeared, the brown blots were seen upon its surface and the crime of the defendant was clearly revealed.

Again, while the hospitality of an average well-to-do American favorably compares with that of an Englishman with similar means, that of the broad-aced Englishman is immensely greater than that of the American millionaire. The latter gives some dinner parties, and perhaps an annual ball, and keeps a dozen servants; the Englishman, on the other hand, besides constantly entertaining in town; often sits down to dinner for weeks at a time with twenty guests, staying with their servants, in his country house

## LOVE AND POKER.

"My 'Queen,'" said he, "I'd like 'two pair' With you." The fair maid blushed, And said: "Now, Jack, I'd 'beat' you there, For, don't you see, I'm finished?" "But that ain't straight," replied her "Jack;" (That "hand-sir" dimmed his lustre;) "Such 'play' (on words) you know I lack—" And then he "double-busted" her. "Please name the day; I would 'deal' light," To even "board" your 'ante.' I've 'table' steaks,—give me a sight.— Shall I 'order' cards—or shan't I?" The "Queen" said yes; and now grown bold, They 'draw' their carriage wicker; On afternoons you'll "see" them stroll— It "heeds up a little kicker!"

## DORA'S TRIAL.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

BY ELLA WILLIAMS THOMPSON.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning-needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sock she was mending, "I do wish you could see your way clear to marrying Seth Hallett. He wants you the worst kind, and he'd be such a good provider."

"But I don't like him well enough, Prudy; and I want something besides meat and drink and two cahoo dresses a year."

Mrs. Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, sorely against her will, to sit day after day in an upper chamber, with a terrible consciousness that everything about the farm was relapsing into chaos and old night for the want of her oversight. Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her; but she was "only a child, you know." There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking counsel with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was nearly twenty years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it."

"Tell me about the two kinds of love," said Dora innocently. "I thought love was love the world over."

I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David Hall he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was good, practical sort of a man, and never asked me to do anything unreasonable."

"What if he had?" asked Dora.

"Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw women through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor and shiftless men that will never provide for them nor their children, and they know it as well as anybody else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a useless feeling should ever have been created."

Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse, but at this point she fixed her deep grey eyes on Prudence, not smiling, but simply earnest. "Such love brings happiness sometimes, I suppose," said Dora.

"Next to never," said Prudence with great decision. "We ain't made happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Comfort is a bird in the hand, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on the chance of happiness."

"Did you ever know any one about here, Prudence, that threw herself away for love? It seems to me they won't look at a man unless he has a home and farm all ready for them."

"That's where they're right," said Prudence. "You are rather given to high-flying notions, and it's time you found out that bread don't grow ready-buttered. Yes, I did know one girl, who was pretty and smart and had no end of chances to get married (I think my David courted her a spell, but he never would own it), and she would have that shiftless critter Joe Raymond, who never could make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a-dying she pretended that she had been happy and wouldn't have done no other way if she had it to do over again."

"Was she our Joe's mother?" asked Dora quickly.

"Yes, to be sure; and when she died we took him to bring up and work on the farm. He's more than paid his way; but he's a rolling stone, like his father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you—he's going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow!" cried Dora, with a great start. "I thought his time wasn't out for another month."

"Well, it ain't out rightly all he's twenty-one; but he was in such a hurry to be off that I gave him the last month."

Then silence fell upon them.

These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years lay between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with stony New England farm and there was work for even baby hands. The lines of duty and patience were deep-grained in her rugged face, which yet beamed with a kindly common sense. But Dora had come to her mother late in life, and an old tree sometimes blossoms into loveliness after every one has forgotten it. Her little feet had walked in easy paths, and Prudence yearned over her like a mother.

She sat now by the open fire, bending her gray head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have had time for; her red dress in the flickering fire-light made her a picture too lovely for that dull room. "Prudence," she said suddenly, "as this is Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-bye to him."

"You might call him up here."

"No; I think I will go myself." "I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you to be fond of each other when you were little, but of course it is out of the question now."

It might have been the red dress and the fire-light that brought such a vivid flush to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away. She ran lightly down-stairs and opened the door of the great farm-kitchen.

A young man sat by the dull fire, looking into it as one looks into the eyes of an enemy before the fight—an overgrown farmer-boy, in home-made clothes, with nothing about him to fall in love with, least of all for the brilliant little figure that stood waiting for him to look up. He was too intent on his own thoughts to notice her, till she went swiftly across the room, and, taking his head between her soft hands, turned his face up to hers. "Joe, bad boy, were you going away without letting me know?"

The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gaze till one would not have known him for the same man. "I thought I should not see you to-night," he said.

"You know better; you know I would have crept through the key-hole for one last little minute with you."

"How long will you wait for me, Dora?"

"Till you come back."

"If it were seven years, think how long it would be."

"If you loved me as you make-believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but stay here till you could build a little house, and then we would rough it together."

"No, little Dora, that is not my kind of love; my mother tried that, and she lived a slave's life."

"I must go now, I must truly," said Dora, as she felt herself locked in arms that would not give way. "If I lived without you for seven years I shall be a homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."

He put her away then and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her prettiness before. "Do you know what your name means?" he asked earnestly. "I saw it in the paper that 'Theodora' means 'Gift of God'; and you have been just that to me. If I had never seen you, I should never have had a notion above a day's work and a night's sleep. I will write whenever I have any luck, and come home on New Year's eve, when I do come; and if you wear this red dress I shall know you have waited for me."

"I think I shall live to wear it when you come home, if it is seven times seven years; Joe, for women are very hard to kill," said Dora, slowly disappearing from the kitchen.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said Prudence severely.

"I was only giving Joe some good advice."

"Well, I hope he'll profit by it."

"So do I," said Dora heartily.

"Tis easy to say seven years as one, and we read of Jacob's seven year's service for Rachel, which seemed but as one day for the love that he bore her. Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to be mentioned in holy writ; but, if her love was like Dora's, every day seemed seven years. And here, in a nut-shell, lies the difference between a man's love and a woman's."

Jacob had the sheep to mind, and he did mind them uncommonly well; Joe went to seek his fortune in new scenes, and only thought of Dora when he had nothing else to do. The poet thought he had set a hard task to men when he said:

Learn to labor and to wait; but it is immeasurably harder to be idle and wait.

Till her lover went away, Dora had never cared to ask herself whether she were a child or a woman. Sunshine had been plenty with her, and she had easily sugared and gilded the plain things that a man-life offered her.

Before the first year came to an end, she felt that she should soon arrive at patriarchal age if she did not do something to kill the time which died so hard on her hands.

"Teach school! I guess not," said her father, when she first broached her plan to him. "You ain't starvin' yet; and if you want some new fur-bolous, you just say so, and not come at it slantin' ways like that."

"I don't want anything, father; but there is so little for me to do at home."

"Nonsense! In my time, gals were always full of business. Can't you make sheets and pillow-cases and get ready to be married? Who knows but somebody'll ask you one of these days?"

"I'd rather teach school, father."

"Waal, waal folks can't always have their d'uthers in this world. I ain't wilin', and that's the end on't."

But this was not the end on't, and Dora easily obtained a school. She developed a governing talent which charmed the committee-men, and the congenial labor in the company of little children took her out of herself and infused new life into her hope deferred.

Every week she walked to the postoffice, three miles away, to ask for a letter, going in with a bright flush in either cheek, and coming out pale and dull-eyed after the stab of disappointment. I wonder that people in the country are so anxious to be postmasters: if they only knew it, they are actors in more tragedies than any member of a theatrical stock-company. Much seal-happiness passes through their hands; but they have to refuse many a "Mariam in the Moated Grange,"—weary women who reach a hand out of their dull lives for a letter and draw it back empty.

It was fast into the second year before Joe's first letter came. It was surely a fanciful and foolish thing for a school mistress to do, but Dora carried it to her own little room and put on the red dress before she read Joe's letter.

Joe was working in the mines in Colorado. His luck had not yet come, in nuggets at least, but hard work and sober living were slowly giving him the advantage over the other miners. He was never so well, and he loved her better than all the world.

Dora lived on this letter for many weeks and she set "Colorado for a coby so often to her scholars that they will write that word better than any other to their dying day."

Letters came oftener as years drew on: sometimes Joe was up in the world, sometimes down; once his carefully-hoarded gold was stolen from him, and he had to begin all over again; but this was nothing to a long illness in which a friend wrote to Dora so soon as Joe was out of danger. Then Dora envied the doves their wings.

New Year's day was the hardest of all to bear. She could not help a strong pressure of excitement when she put on the red dress, which grew more and more old-fashioned, and watch the sun go down on the road which Joe must travel when he should come home. The next morning she fitted her shoulders sadly to the burden of another year.

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She wore out the first day of the "glad New Year" with busy cares till late in the afternoon, when an old man spent with walking stopped to rest himself in the farm-house kitchen. Prudence bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and when he was warmed and fed, he began to talk of his travels. He had been to seek his fortune all over the west, and, never finding it, had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said, "Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"

"Joe Raymond? Oh, yes! knew him well; lived with him nigh on to a month. His wife was a real good cook; couldn't be beat nowhere in them parts."

"Did you say he was married?"

"To be sure; a right smart feller, and mighty fond of his wife. Women are mighty out there."

Prudence came in, and the old man went on his way all unconscious of the great stone he had cast into the still waters of Dora's heart.

"What's the matter?" said Prudence; "you're as white as a ghost."

Dora's only answer was to dart out of the house and run, as for her life, down the frozen orchard-path by which she could gain upon and overtake this terrible old man. She might have said, with "holy Herbert"—

My thoughts are all a case of knives,

Wounding my heart

With scattered smart,—

only misery must have time to crystallize into memory before it takes the form of poetry. She stood before the old man at the turning, bareheaded and breathless.

"How did the Joe Raymond look that you lived with?" gasped Dora.

"I never said 'Joe Raymond,'" said the old man, peevishly. "I said Jim Raymond. They had a big boy named Joe, who—" but Dora was off again before he could finish his sentence.

She ran back through the orchard, giving thanks with all her heart that she had not suffered herself to be persuaded of Joe's faithlessness on one hearing. Her feelings of grateful awe as if she had escaped from sudden death kept her from mourning much over the passing away of this seventh anniversary of Joe's departure with no sign of his return.

Her letters had wholly ceased, and there was nothing left for Dora but to possess her soul with patience. When another new year dawned upon her, she put on the old red dress more from habit than from any gleam of hope in her heart, and did not care to look in the glass. In the twilight she walked slowly down the orchard-path and leaned on the gate that opened into the road.

Suddenly a man sprang from behind the wall. "Theodora, n.y. 'gift of God'!" he said; and Dora, though she recognized no mark of the lover who had left her eight years before, felt that no other knew that pass-word, and suffered herself to rest silently in his arms in the ineffable content that comes after long waiting.

When Joe and Dora went into the house and she looked at him by candle-light, her heart almost misgave her; his luxuriant beard and the manly assurance of his manners were not at all like her Joe of beloved memory, and a terrible barrier seemed to rise up between them, while Prudence remained in the room with her company manners, which sat more awkwardly upon her than her Sunday gown.

When Dora tiptoe'd softly by her sister's door at a very late hour that night, Prudence was lying awake for her. "Don't tell me," said she, "that you've been waiting for Joe Raymond all this time!"

"I won't tell you, if you don't want to hear it," said Dora.

"Do you know whether he came home any better off than he went away?"

"I really haven't thought to ask him," said Dora carelessly. Prudence groaned and turned her face to the wall.

Joe waited only till the next day to tell Mrs. Hall the story of his success, which looked very moderate in his traveled eyes, but seemed a noble fortune to her homely ideas.

"I never thought before," said Dora's father at the wedding, "that a woman could keep a secret; and I guess it ain't much more common than snow in dog-days."

"How long would you have waited for me?" whispered Joe in Dora's ear.

"Forever," said Dora solemnly.

And Mrs. Prudence Hall, as she overheard the word, thanked her stars that Dora's foolish notions had not wrecked her at last on a poverty-stricken marriage.

## METAMORA.

How Edwin Forrest Stirred Up White Cloud and His Band.

From the San Francisco Vanity Fair.

Many years ago, while Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement in a western theater, White Cloud and a number of other Indian chiefs were on their return from Washington. Stopping in town over night, they were conducted to the theater to see the great American tragedian. Mr. Forrest was then in the prime of life, his voice being up to the maximum of a stentor. The play on that evening was "Metamora," which is now in the possession of John McCullough. White Cloud and his band of warriors were accommodated with seats in a stage-box. The theater was crowded, and it was very evident that the auditors were anxious to observe what effect the performance would have on the simon-pure children of the forest. The play proceeded, and although the Indians could not understand a single word that was said, yet they appeared to be much interested, occasionally giving to one another a satisfactory grunt.

After a while they became rather uneasy, which seemed to be simultaneous among them all. This was more apparent when the Indian war-whoop came from behind the scenes. The eyes of the audience were upon White Cloud, who two or three times grasped the tomahawk in his belt. The other warriors did so likewise. The party were getting more excited as the play proceeded. They looked at each other with anxiety; their eyes indexed the fact that their "souls were in arms."

Presently Metamora, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon the stage, and when he gave that war-whoop, which no one but a Forrest could do, the Indians could remain in their seats no longer. Forrest gave a second and a shrill whoop, whereupon White Cloud and his band, joining in full chorus, sprang upon the stage, and, brandishing their tomahawks and glittering knives, rushed toward Metamora. Forrest was apparently dumb founded for a moment, but he soon took in the situation, and, finding that the real Indians

were on his side, ready to do or die in his behalf, he felt that he had achieved one of his greatest triumphs in the profession he so much loved during his eventful life. In detailing this anecdote Forrest said that he was not really aware at the time of the performance that he was using an exact "whoop" for reinforcements, but the wild Indians understood it, and responded as followers of Metamora. The house was thrown into the wildest excitement, which soon cooled down, with the general belief that it was the best performance and most effective rendering of the Indian play

# The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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IN the Minnesota campaign Greenleaf Clark declines to be a candidate for associate justice against Judge Vanderburgh.

THE democratic convention of Minnesota came squarely to the front and declared in favor of paying the honorable debts of the state. The republican convention did not dare take a position in the matter.

SENATOR EDMUNDS says the Democrats have chosen an unwise and unpatriotic course. That they now offer a reward to any insane partisan who thinks the country injured by Republican rule, to end it by removing the Republican President.

THE Democrats, who now control the United States Senate, have decided to elect the president pro tem. This is probably just what the Republicans would do under like circumstances, and therefore none have any reason to complain. Mr. Bayard will be elected.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR will not consider applications for office. The heads of the several departments will dispose of all applications for minor offices. Applications for important offices must be presented by representative men. The President will have his regular hours for receiving heads of departments and others, and intends to manage the office on business principles.

DAVID DAVIS was elected President of the senate. This result ought to give unbounded satisfaction for none can question the ability or integrity of Mr. Davis while he is as impartial as it is possible for a man to be. The interests of the country are safe in such hands. Mr. Davis was nominated by Mr. Logan and was elected by republican votes.

MAJOR McLAUGHLIN is doing excellent service at Standing Rock. He finds the late hostiles well disposed, and does not realize the slightest difficulty in handling them. About 200 Indians from his agency have been sent out with a proper escort hunting, with a view of supplementing the allowances of beef made by the government, with levies from the large herds of buffalo now within reach.

THE Republicans appear to have been victorious in Ohio yesterday. Gov. Foster estimates that he is re-elected by 20,000 majority, while his majority over Ewing in 1879 was only 17,129. Of the members of the State Senate the Republicans claim twenty and concede to the Democrats thirteen. Bookwalter is defeated, and Samuel J. Tilden, who was a silent but powerful worker in the campaign, is doomed to disappointment, as he contemplates his failure to score a good point for the next Democratic nomination for President.

H. A. TOWNE has resigned his position as superintendent of the Minnesota division of the North Pacific, and Mr. B. McHugh has been appointed his successor. Mr. Haupt, in speaking of the resignation of Mr. Towne, says: "The retirement of Mr. Towne from an office that he has held so long and filled so ably will be a source of regret to all who have been connected with him. Official and personal relations that have given rise to warm feelings of respect and attachment can not be severed without pain, and the good wishes of all will no doubt follow Mr. Towne in any position that he may hereafter occupy." Mr. Towne has been in the service of the North Pacific for several years, and every position he has occupied he has filled with fidelity and ability worthy of the highest praise; and all residing on the line of the North Pacific have for him the deepest feeling of regard.

IT is reported that the cause of the steamer Pennia, now being entangled in the legal labyrinths of the law, is due to an over zealous act of a very smart young man named Richards, who is acting Indian agent for Major Porter, during that gentleman's absence from the Poplar river agency. Some one had told Richards that in case the officers could be caught

violating the law, that the government would sell the boat and give half of the money received to the informant. To have half the price of a valuable steamboat proved too great a temptation to the young man, as he thought of the single figure that would represent his salary for a month. Accordingly he got one or two confederates, and together they "put up a job" on the Pennia, and managed to buy a pint of liquor. This accomplished, he pounced down with the law, and is even now holding his wallet open to receive half the proceeds of the expected sale. Poor fool!

THE Bismarck mills are now running much of the time, and are making an excellent grade of flour. The flour is manufactured by the latest improved machinery from No. 1 wheat, and is a first class article. Mr. Bennett has had much to contend with since locating at Bismarck, but he deserves credit for his persistence, as well as for the faith which led him to invest nearly \$50,000 in a mill at Bismarck before a bushel of wheat had been raised in the county. His faith, however, will in due time be rewarded, and Bennett's Bismarck Best will become as famous as Pillsbury's Best. Speaking of Pillsbury's Best reminds us of a Bismarck urchin who was asked the other day as to who is the governor of Minnesota. "Frazee," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no, my child," the mother said; "Mr. Pillsbury is governor of Minnesota." "I knew it had something to do with flour," said the child. Even the children will soon become familiar with Bismarck flour.

What Curtiss Says.

Curtis, the special correspondent of the Inter-Ocean, writes from Glendive, a description of the country between Bismarck and the Yellowstone as follows:

"On your left as you arrive at Sentinel Butte, about a hundred miles east of here, you will see a crazy sort of a structure, half tent and half shanty, both the worse for wind and weather, at the apex of which hangs a sign, printed in rude characters with red paint:

REV. C. A. DUFFY,

SAMPLE ROOM.

The startling legend suggested the possibility of something more, and entering the domain of the individual named I found two broken chairs, a rheumatic bunk, a rude bar with a row of bottles placed upon a shelf behind, and a few glasses piled up upon a towel, in a pyramid fashion. A clean-shaven, red-nosed individual, with that peculiar tint of flesh that suggests half corned beef, arose from his chair and sauntered behind the bar.

"Are you the Rev. Duffy?" I asked.

"The same."

"Are you a clergymen?"

"I am a reformed preacher," he replied.

I afterward learned that Mr. Duffy's statement was not far from true. While his antecedents are somewhat obscured by events of which he does not care to relate, Mr. Duffy is understood to be

A DEPOSED PRIEST of the Catholic church. He has been there ever since the track reached Sentinel Buttes, and has the reputation of being the worst man and selling the most vicious whisky along the entire line.

A lonely grave lies across the track from Mr. Duffy's sample room, constantly before his eyes, that contains the body of one of his victims, but his ample countenance bears no traces of remorse.

Sentinel Butte, a conspicuous hill that rises out of the prairie, stands in the in the midst of the "Bad Lands," an area of country that until now has been the terror of travelers. Gen. Sully, of the army, was one of the first men to travel them, and his somewhat terse description of the country was that it "looked like the bottom of hell with the fires put out."

Any one who has seen both places will undoubtedly testify to the accuracy of the description.

Geologists say that the bad lands were once beds of coal which burned for ages, and left leagues of cinders.

THE GREAT COAL BEDS which lie between the two Missouri rivers indicate that there was plenty more to burn, but for some unknown reason the combustion ceased and left a bountiful supply of fuel for the million of people who are some time to occupy these beautiful and fertile prairies. How the combustion commenced, or how long it continued no one knows, although plenty of wise theories on the subject may be read in the geologists' reports.

They say—the scientists—that it must have been spontaneous combustion, the action of chemical; or perhaps electrical conditions, and that when the strata of coal deposits was burned out the clay soil, baked by the heat, was broken down, and in course of time vast floods of water poured over this country cutting it up into the gorges and pinnacles of earth which now meet the astonished eye of the tourist.

The scenery is very picturesque. Here is the most remarkable collection of

eroded rocks in the world, and the sight is novel and interesting. There is scarcely a form in architecture or statuary that will not find a semblance here. The rock is of a carboniferous appearance, friable, and has been wrought by the elements into thousands of forms—some resembling infants, others giants, and others, still churches and castles, as large and as grandly pinnacled as the Milan cathedral.

THE FOSSILS AND PETRIFICATIONS.

In the ravines are found some very remarkable petrifications, which indicate that before the great subterranean fire these prairies were covered with an immense growth of timber. Petrified logs and stumps are found in a most wonderful state of preservation, the bark being plainly indicated, and the rings indicating the periods of growth. Fossils are very plenty, and some very curious ones have been found. A specimen has been shown that is claimed to be the amputated foot of a child; and the features, if one may speak of the features of a foot, are as natural as if they had been molded in bronze. A human ear is also shown to the credulous, and after some trouble I found a man who was willing to state that he had seen

A FOSSILIZED WHEELBARROW.

I will not give his name, out of regard for his large and interesting family.

The clay here is very fine, both for bricks and pottery. The gullies are full of burned clay, and some of them look like deserted brick-yards. Samples of the clay have been sent to Trenton, N. J., and the experts in pottery there declare it to be of most excellent character.

Thus nature, in her thoughtfulness, has provided the future denizens of this region with both fuel and building material under its soil in place of the timber with which other lands are blessed.

I do not think this will ever be a great agricultural country, although the land is good; but it is a perfect paradise for the stock grower. Grain grows in the valleys with great fertility, as it does all along the line; oats grow well, yielding from 50 to 80 bushels per acre; barley yields from 40 to 50 bushels, corn from 75 to 90 bushels, and potatoes are cultivated with great success. Oats are very profitable, and are raised in large quantities, especially in the vicinity of the Missouri River, the demand for them at the military posts in the Northwest being very great. The barley raised on the line of the railroad is of superior quality, and always commands a higher price than that grown further south. Corn produces plentifully, and is only on very rare occasions injured by frost. Many farmers make corn their first year's crop, planting it on the sod.

BUT STOCK RAISING IS THE BUSINESS to be undertaken if one wants great profits. The country is especially adapted to sheep also, and the great, broad plateaus seem to have been especially created for them, for the hoof-rot and other ills that sheep are heir to never come.

The stock is never housed, and during the past exceptional winter, when the herds further south were starved out, the losses in Dakota and Montana were very slight.

The bunch grass is said to be equal if not superior to the blue grass of Kentucky, and the beef and mutton raised upon it are of a very superior quality. The Montana wool brings higher prices than that from the territories south and east of it, and owing to the dry atmosphere, perfect drainage, and clear, gravelly streams, there is seldom any disease among sheep, so that profits in sheep raising reach the maximum here. Many wealthy gentlemen from eastern cities are going into stock raising as

A HEALTHY AND PROFITABLE PASTIME, and they say that in this country it has extraordinary fascinations to one who has lived in crowded cities. One New York gentleman took a ranch up Tongue river last fall, and spent the winter there, so he could know what it was.

He was so pleased with the climate that he went back east last spring, wound up his affairs, and brought two friends with him.

The climate is delightful, the water is generally pure, the malaria is never known, and what is better than all, that obstacle to the settlement of a new country, railroad monopoly cannot interfere with the pecuniary success of the stock grower, as the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers insure cheap transportation over "God's Highways" to St. Louis in case the North Pacific becomes exorbitant in its tariffs.

Shipments can be made at reasonable rates through the lakes for European markets; and there soon will be three railroads entering the territory from the south. The lands of the North Pacific railway from the Missouri river westward are held at the uniform price of \$2.50 per acre, and it is safe to say that in a very few years all the land on the line will be worth seven times that figure, as a heavy tide of emigration has turned this way. There is a regular procession from the east to Dakota and Montana, and there is no time like the present for investment. At the present there is very

little settlement throughout all the splendid agricultural and grazing region between this and Bismarck—300 miles—but a few months will see many ranches taken up along the line.

ONE OF THE SETTLERS.

The other night I was sitting with a party of friends on the bank of the Yellowstone River, waiting for a skiff to take us across, it was about 10 o'clock at night but a man in the garb of a herdsman was lifting sacks of corn and packages of other supplies into a wagon. He approached us, and asked in a pleasant voice:

"How is the President to-day?"

The answer was given, and after a few moments conversation I asked him what papers he read, for I saw by his words that he was a stalwart.

"I take the Bismarck TRIBUNE and semi-Weekly Inter-Ocean," he said.

"The gentleman sitting yonder is Colonel Lounsberry, the editor of the Bismarck TRIBUNE," I remarked.

"And the gentleman you are talking is the correspondent of the Inter-Ocean," retorted Colonel Lounsberry.

"Honest?"

"Yes," we replied.

"No joking!"

"Not a bit."

"Well, gentlemen, I want to give both of you a genial shake of the hand," he responded. "My name is John L. Burns, and I have a ranch 70 miles above here on the Yellowstone."

WHO HE WAS.

Further inquiry developed the fact that this far-off reader of the daily TRIBUNE was the first settler in the Yellowstone valley. He came into the country with a drove of cattle and located a ranch at the mouth of Sunday creek soon after the Custer massacre, and sends seventy-five miles for his mail.

Mr. Burns thinks the Yellowstone valley is the modern paradise, and told us that nothing would tempt him to return to "the states." When he came here he had no neighbor for nearly ninety miles, but the country now is getting settled, and he feared he would have to move on to "get out of the crowd."

He is a type of a curious class of men who cannot breathe in an atmosphere that other men breathe, and despises a place "where the houses touch each other." I have met such men before—in the world, but not of it—who flee from advancing civilization as from a plague, and plunge into the wilderness to escape the haunts of men. I wanted to learn something of Mr. Burns's history, but the boat came, and although he talked at us until his voice was lost in the distance, his words were a glowing eulogy upon the beauty of the country and the fatness of his herds, but not an allusion to himself."

DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medical in every sense. Pile at strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For Dizziness, Rush of Blood in the Head, tending to Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Dropsy, Pimples and Blotches, Scrofulous Humors and Sores, Tetter, Ring Worm, White Swelling, Erysipelas, Sore Eyes and for young men suffering from Weakness or Debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health. Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Weakness and Kidney Disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine as one of the greatest of blessings.

Mrs. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.  
Sold by all druggists and everywhere at \$1 per bottle.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'ts.  
Cleveland, O.  
NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, Wholesale Drugg's.  
St. Paul, Minn.

LAND NOTICES.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., October 6, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry at 11 o'clock a. m., Monday, November 7, 1881, viz: Charlie R. Williams, h. e. No. 243, made January 14, 1881, for the northeast quarter, section 34, township 139, north range 78, west, and named the following as his witness, viz: John L. Steen, Charles Wilcox, Clarke, D. T.; and Ed Sloan and Michael McLean, Bismarck, D. T.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., September 18, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at 10 o'clock a. m., October 8, 1881, viz: LAKE M. HARRIMAN, Homestead entry No. 275, made April 6, 1881, for the southwest quarter of section 20, township 139, range 79, west, and named the following as his witness, viz: George Gibbs, Hamlet Liveson, Fred Roberts and George Glass, all of Burleigh county, D. T. Postoffice address, Bismarck.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, Dak., August 10, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Agnes H. Cronkhite against Wm. B. Martin for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 166, dated September 1, 1880, upon the n. e. quarter section 20, township 139, n. range 26 in Kidder county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of October, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning such alleged abandonment.

## MANDAN.

## Local Items.

Louis D. Cary, of Montana, who is prospecting in Dakota, went up the line yesterday.

Mr. H. Klaes, of Jamestown, stopped in town yesterday on his return from Bly's mine.

The dissolution of the firm of B. L. Winston & Co. was stated in yesterday's issue. Mr. Winston will continue the drug and fancy good business as heretofore.

A large shipment of lumber was received yesterday by the Hager Bros., so that builders who were waiting for it can be supplied with any kind and to any amount desired.

The new office being built for Dr. King between the dry good store and the old reliable hardware store of R. B. Bristol & Co., will be very conveniently and pleasantly located.

Among those who purchased lots lately in the addition to Mandan was Mr. Ertel, editor of the Pioneer. It is hoped that he will be among those who will erect houses next season.

The bank of Mandan will remain in existence for the accommodation of the old depositors until the First National bank commences business, at which time the bank of Mandan will close and give its support to the First National.

Mr. Shatto, who has for some time been in the employ of the N. P. R. R. Co., here in the engineer's department is about to leave town to take a position in the same department at Brainard, Minn. His many friends will be sorry to have him leave.

The last four days of cold weather have been a grave suggestion to builders that they should hurry up and get their buildings enclosed. It will do no harm to make them prompt, and get ready for a number of houses that are to be built during Indian summer.

Wm. Campbell has been appointed night policeman in place of Mr. Wright, who has been quite sick for some time, and unable to attend to his duties. The council accepted his resignation at their meeting Wednesday, and appointed Campbell to take his place.

Mr. P. O. Chilstrom, formerly of the firm of B. L. Winston & Co., and president of the bank of Mandan, will for a short time assist in settling up accounts of the old firm. What his future business will be is not known, but all will be pleased to hear that he will remain in Mandan, and eventually engage in business here.

## Origin of "Uncle Sam."

At the time of the war with England in 1812 an army contractor bought at Troy, N. Y., a large quantity of beef and pork for the soldiers. The losses occurring in the meat were blamed on E. A. U. S. The first two letters were the contractor's own initials, the last stood for United States. The workmen engaged in handling the provisions did not understand the letters, however, U. S. as an abbreviation for United States being new at that time. One of the army provision inspectors was named Samuel Watson, called familiarly Uncle Sam. The laborers asked the man who marked the casks what the letters stood for. Being given to jokes, he told them that "U. S." meant "Uncle Sam" the meat inspector. The joke found favor at once, and spread throughout the country. The name as sobriquet of the United States government has been popular ever since.

## Something that Beats All.

(Charlotte, N. C. Observer.)

Here's something that beats them all. Mr. Willton Washam has a rooster, a genuine Leghorn rooster, that lays eggs. For six months Mr. Washam has been finding large tough-shelled eggs lying around his yard. He never thought of accusing his Leghorn rooster of it, but the other day he caught and confined him so as to have him within easy reach for a man who was coming to town. He left him alone to roost above over night in a small coop by himself, and next morning found one of those big eggs looking eggs.

## The Banjo.

Brudder Gardner: "De banjo—yum! If you want my dog—my hoss—my house an' let, play me de banjo an' keep time wid yer fit. I spee'd music of angelic harps am sweet an' soft, an' dreamy, but if they want to keep us cull'd folks satisfied up dat, a little mo' banjo an' a little less harp am de fust prescription."

## Hoop-pee.

The Chinese government is going to build railroads, and soon will be heard in the land the voice of the Celestial brakeman, "Hoop-pee! Yang-ze-kiun junc. on! Trainee stoppee ten minutes latee and dinkkee!"

## Macaroni.

An Irish servant a year over, was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for supper. Noticing her surprise, the lady said: " Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with."

## ACCIDENTS.

They Were Numerous in Bismarck Yesterday and Are of a Serious Nature.

Chas. Armstrong, of the Steamer Peninah. Has Both Legs Crushed by the Cars.

W. A. Chandler and e e Peoples Thrown From a Wagon and Seriously Injured.

## A SAD CHAPTER.

Yesterday was a day of accidents for Bismarck people. All were of a serious nature and occurred in the afternoon at nearly the same hour. Fortunately none of them proved fatal although it seems a miracle that such was not the case, when all of the circumstances are taken into consideration.

THE FIRST

and most serious of the number occurred to Mr. Chas. Armstrong, the carpenter of the steamer Peninah, about two o'clock in the afternoon. During the forenoon he had visited the office of Col. O'Connor to arrange some business matters and had returned to the boat promising to again call at the office at 3 p.m. In pursuance of this engagement he started to walk along the railroad track from the landing to town. When at the culvert just below the quartermaster's office he was met by switch engine No. 51 pushing a train of freight cars toward the landing. For some unaccountable reason Mr. Armstrong failed to see the advancing cars and was knocked down and both legs thrown under the wheels. Eight or ten cars passed over them before the train could be stopped on the heavy down grade, and as a result they were both crushed off a few inches below the knees. The engineer saw the man on the track but supposed he would step aside as it is not an unusual occurrence for people to walk toward an approaching train and step aside when the cars are so near that it would be impossible to stop them in case it became known that the person was unaware of the approaching danger. The injured man was placed on the cars, and Superintendent Davidson instantly summoned Dr. Porter who afterward, at the Merchants hotel where the man was taken, finished the amputation and dressed the wounds. The passage of so many cars had the effect of closing and hampering together the arteries so that but little blood was lost, or otherwise the man must have bled to death or become exhausted. Mr. Davidson ordered everything possible done for his comfort, and late last night he was not only conscious but cheerful, complaining only of a soreness about his neck and shoulders. Mr. Armstrong is a Norwegian by birth and is a resident of Sioux City. He has no family, his wife having died some years ago, but owns a little real estate for which he was only yesterday offered \$500. He is a man forty-five or fifty years of age and Dr. Porter is doubtful whether he has vitality enough to survive the reaction that must come, and the possible failure of the wounds to properly heal.

THE SECOND ACCIDENT occurred at about the same hour as the above and resulted in painful injuries to W. A. Chandler, of the Bank of Bismarck and to Mr. Geo. Peoples. The latter had loaded a dray with goods for one of the boats and Mr. Chandler asked to ride to the landing where he had some collections to make for the bank. As they approached the railroad crossing Mr. Peoples' horse became frightened at the cars and overturned the vehicle, throwing both gentleman to the ground. The horse did not run away and just how it occurred no one knows. One of the drivers for Joe Deitrick in going to the landing shortly afterwards found both Mr. Chandler and Mr. Peoples lying by the road side in an insensible condition. They were brought to town and Dr. Porter summoned, but so severe were their injuries that they did not recover consciousness for an hour. An examination proved that the left shoulder blade of Mr. Chandler had been broken in the fall, and a rib fractured. A cask of wine had struck Mr. Peoples on the head, producing concussion of the brain and two or three fleshwounds on the face and head. Both were doing as well as possible last evening, and were surrounded by sympathizing friends anxious for a speedy and complete recovery.

THE THIRD ACCIDENT was the least serious of all, and occurred to Capt. Jacobs, pilot of the Peninah. He was standing in the store of McLean & Macider during the afternoon and in stepping backward, fell down the elevator a distance of fifteen feet into the cellar. He was but slightly injured.

## ANOTHER ONE.

John Zebra, a farmer living five miles in the country, started to drive to Bismarck day before yesterday, when his team ran away and threw him from his wagon. His right arm was broken between the elbow and shoulder. Dr. Porter reduced the fracture.

## 87th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

COMMONWEALTH  
DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on

Monday, October 31, 1881

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31st rendered the following decisions:

1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d.—Its drawings are not fraudulent.

The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

OCTOBER DRAWING.

1. Prize . . . . . \$8,000.00 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000

1. Prize . . . . . 10,000.00 Prizes 50 ea 10,000

1. Prize . . . . . 5,000.00 Prizes 20 ea 12,000

1. Prize \$100 ea 10,000.00 Prizes 10 ea 10,000

20. Prizes 500 ea 10,000.00

9. Prizes \$200 ea, Approximation Prizes \$2,700

9. Prizes 200 ea, " 1,800

8. Prizes 100 ea, " 900

1,000 Prizes, \$12,400

Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.

20 Tickets, \$5. 50 Tickets, \$100.

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all or to R. M. Boardman, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or R. M. Boardman, 309 Broadway, New York.

501

DR. S. SILSBEY'S EXTERNAL FILE REMEDY

Gives Instant Relief, and is an Infallible

CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price \$1.00

per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent

free to Physicians and all sufferers, by

Neustadt & Co., Box 3946, New York

City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS

501

500 Reward

OVER A MILLION

OF

Prof.

Guilmette's

FRENCH

Kidney Pads

have already been

sold in this

country and in France, every

one of which

has given per-

fect satisfaction,

and has per-

formed cures ev-

ery time when

used according to

directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones

that we will pay the above reward for a

single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad wills to cure. This Great Remedy

will Positively and Permanently cure Lumbago,

Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Drop-y,

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inconfin-

ence and Extension of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Cataract of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Utric Organ, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Degeneration or any disease of the Kidneys, Bright's Disease, or any disease of the Utric Organ.

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by

simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD.

Which cures by Absorption.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French

Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not

got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by

return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Judge Hutchinson, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says:

"One of P. of Guilmette's French Kidney Pads

removed me of Lumbago in three weeks' time.

My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered until

agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, a P., Toledo, O., says: I suf-

fered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches,

I was entirely and permanently cured after wear-

ing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four

weeks.

Square N. G. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: I

have been a great sufferer for 15 years, with

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at

a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels

of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely

cured.

Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: For

years I have been confined, a great part of the

time, to my bed with Lumbago and female

weakness; I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney

Pads and was cured in one month.

H. B. Grier, who is a grocer, Findlay, O., writes: I've had 14 years with lame back

and in this time I have been permanently cured by wearing

Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads.

B. F. Keesing, M. D., Druggist, Logansport,

Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads,

wrote: "I wear one of the pads we had and I received more relief from it than anything I

### SIC VITA.

"Such is Life."

Hark!  
Nigh!  
Dark!  
Sign!  
Wife!  
Strike!  
Life!  
Cry!  
A soul  
Is born,  
Time's roll  
Will soon.  
Will strive,  
Will thrive,  
Will live—  
Death gone.

Helpless one!  
Mother's breast  
Lie upon.  
There's thy nest  
Nothing fear,  
Naught so dear;  
Angels near  
Guard thy rest.

O! lovely child!  
Exotic rare!  
From heaven beguiled  
To make earth fair!  
So pure within!  
So touched with sin!  
Thee heaven must win!  
Thee heaven must wear.

See the noble youth—  
Prey to impulse wild,  
Loyal to the truth,  
Often false—a child  
Wanting steady hand,  
Wanting self-command,  
Drifts toward sea or land—  
Heaven sends breezes mild.

The steadfast steps of time  
Have brought the manly soul  
Where, filled with thoughts sublime,  
He views the nearing goal;  
He pants to draw the sword,  
To fight for truth and God,  
"Thy servant help, O Lord,  
Thy banner to unroll."

And lo! he boldly springeth  
Where the battle fiercely rages,  
And loud his war-cry ringeth  
As he the foe engages.  
"God's truth"—right well he bore him—  
But error stood before him,  
Though the banner of heaven waved o'er  
him.

And still the contest wages.

And now the meridian height is won!  
With orb-like splendor blazes forth  
God's noblest work beneath the sun!  
Hail matchless habitant of earth!  
Imperial mind! with angel kin!  
Seraphic spirit! pure from sin!  
This fleathly garb but hemeth in!  
Death is thy life! the grave thy birth!

See! the shadows eastward fly!  
Day is dying in the west;  
Down the slopes the pathways lie—  
What the thoughts that fill his breast?  
"Man is false, and error strong;  
Truth is slow, but swift the wrong;  
Life is short, God's time is long—  
Courage, soul, and do thy best."

False hues deceive no more,  
But Hope is ever young.  
"Set lights along the shore,  
Let heavenly strains be sung."  
Bright visions fill his mind,  
Love glows for all mankind:  
"Earth's duties closer bind.  
In heaven thy crown is hung."

Mellow harvest's come;  
Ripened now's the grain;  
Bear it to its home;  
Creaks the loaded wain—  
Noble sheaf is he!  
Splendid sight to see!  
Life's maturity!  
Join the heavenly train.

Tremble his limbs,  
Like pines 'neath snow;  
Times frost bedims  
His vision now;  
His aace is run  
His work is done.  
Beyond the sun  
His years shall flow.

Marble face—  
Sweet repose—  
Not a trace  
Of earthly woes.  
Lay the cold  
'Neath the sod  
Up to God  
The spirit goes.

Sun shine!  
Buds blow!  
Creep Vine!  
Grass grow!  
Sigh breeze!  
Weep trees!  
Birds! Bees!  
Chant low!

Bell  
Toll!  
Kneel  
Roll!  
Born,  
Worn,  
Gone  
Soul.

### JACKSON'S WOUNDS.

One or Two of the Difficulties in Which Old Hickory Was Engaged.

From the Washington Republican.

In his eventful life Andrew Jackson received wounds in personal encounters similar to those received by President Garfield. His arm was shattered in an affray with Col. Thomas M. Benton, in 1813, and he was shot through the body in a duel with Charles Dickinson in 1806. The affray with Col. Benton originated in an act of good nature on the part of Gen. Jackson. Gen. William Carroll, then a young man, had been challenged by Jessie, a brother of Thomas H. Benton. Despairing of finding a suitable second in Nashville, Carroll rode out to the hermitage and solicited Gen. Jackson's services. Jackson had been a judge of the supreme court of Tennessee and a member of congress. At first he demurred. Carroll assured him that it was no ordinary quarrel. He asserted that there was a conspiracy to run him out of the country. Jackson made inquiries and found that, to preserve his honor, Carroll was forced to accept the challenge. He officiated as Carroll's second. Jessie Benton was wounded as gloriously as Mr. Easthapp in "Midshipman Easy."

At the time of the duel Col. Thomas H. Benton was in Washington trying to save Jackson from bankruptcy. They were great friends. The colonel, however, was enraged to hear that Jackson had befriended his brother's antagonist. He wrote him, denouncing his conduct in the most offensive terms. The general replied that before addressing him the colonel ought to have written him for an explanation, and not to have listened to the tales of interested parties.

Benton wrote, still more eagerly, accusing

Jackson of conducting the duel in a "savage, unequal, unfair, and base manner." On his way back to Nashville he publicly and repeatedly denounced the general, using the bitterest language. Jackson heard of it and was much incensed. Benton's mother had been good to him when he was a boy in North Carolina. His gratitude had already prevented a recontre between the two hot-heads. This time, however, he took fire. He swore by the eternal that he would horse-whip Tom Benton the first time he met him. All Nashville witnessed the vow.

Benton reached the city bursting with wrath and defiance. Hearing of Jackson's threat he resolved to preserve the peace. He would neither seek nor fly the threatened attack. His brother Jesse joined him before he reached Nashville. Instead of going to the Nashville inn, their usual resort, they registered at the City hotel. Jackson always put up at the Nashville house. By stopping at the City hotel Col. Benton fancied that he would avoid the general unless he chose to go out of his way to seek him. He arrived in Nashville on September 3, 1813. Jackson and his friend, Col. Coffee, rode into town that same afternoon and put up at the Nashville inn. Col. Coffee smilingly remarked that they had come to get their letters. About 9 o'clock on the next morning the colonel proposed to Gen. Jackson that they should stroll over to the post office. They started. The general had a riding whip in his hand. He also wore a small sword.

The post office was situated on the public square on the corner of a little alley just beyond the city hotel. There were two ways of getting to it from the Nashville inn. One way was across the angle of the square, and the other was to keep the sidewalk and go around. Coffee and Jackson took the short cut. When about midway between their inn and the post office Coffee observed Col. Benton standing in the doorway of the City hotel. He was drawn up to his full height and was looking daggers at them.

"Do you see that fellow?" said Coffee to Jackson.

"O, yes," the general replied, without turning his head, "I have my eye on him."

They went to the post office and got their letters. On their return they kept down the sidewalk. Col. Benton had posted himself at the front door of the City hotel. His brother Jesse stood near him.

On coming up to where Col. Benton stood, Gen. Jackson audaciously turned towards him, whip in hand, saying: "Now you damned rascal, I'm going to punish you. Defend yourself." Benton put his hand in his breast pocket. He seemed to be fumbling for his pistol. As quick as lightning Jackson drew a pistol from behind him and levelled it at Benton. The latter recoiled, and Jackson advanced upon him. Benton stepped slowly backward until he reached the back door of the hotel. The muzzle of Jackson's pistol was three feet from his heart. They were turning down the back piazza when Jesse Benton entered the passage behind them. Seeing his brother's danger he raised his pistol and fired at Jackson. The pistol was loaded with two balls and a large slug. This slug took effect in Jackson's left shoulder shattering it horribly. One of the balls struck the thick part of the left hip and buried itself near the bone. The other ball splintered the board partition at his side.

Jackson fell across the entry, bleeding profusely. Col. Coffee had remained outside. Hearing the report of the pistol he sprang into the entry. He saw Jackson prostrated at the feet of Col. Benton. Concluding that the colonel had laid him low, Coffee rushed upon him, pistol in hand, to strike him with the butt of his pistol, when Benton, in stepping backward, came to the stairway and fell headlong to the bottom. Coffee thinking him hors du combat, hastened to the assistance of his wounded friend. Stokely Hays, nephew of Mrs. Jackson and a devoted friend of the general, stood near the Nashville inn when he heard the report of Jesse Benton's pistol. He ran with all speed to the City hotel and saw Jackson wailing in his blood. Unlike Coffee, he who had fired the deadly charge, Hays was a giant. He drew a long and glittering blade from his sword-cane and made a lunge at Jesse with such frantic force that it would have pinned him to the wall had it taken effect. The point struck a button, and the slender blade was broken to pieces. Hays drew a dirk and threw Jesse to the floor. Holding him down with one hand he raised the dirk to plunge it into his breast. Jesse diverted the blow by seizing the coat cuff of the descending arm. The weapon only pierced the fleshy part of his left arm. Hays madly strove to disengage his arm, and in so doing gave Jesse several flesh wounds. At last, with mighty wrench, he tore his cuff from the man's convulsive grasp, poised the dirk high in the air, and was about to bury it in Jesse's heart, when a bystander caught the uplifted hand and prevented the further shedding of blood. Others interfered and quiet was restored.

Faint from loss of blood, Jackson was conveyed to a room in the Nashville inn. His wound bled fearfully. Two mattresses were soaked through, and the general was reduced almost to the last gasp. Every doctor in Nashville, with one exception, recommended the amputation of the shattered arm. "I'll keep my arm," said the wounded man; and he kept it. No attempt was made to extract the ball, and it remained in his arm for 20 years. The wounds were dressed with slippery elm poultices, and it was two or three weeks before Jackson could leave his bed. A little over a year afterward he fought the battle of New Orleans. The Bentons remained for an hour or more upon the scene of the affray, denouncing Jackson as an assassin. The general's small sword had been dropped in the struggle, and remained on the floor of the hotel. Col. Benton broke it in the public square, accompanying the act with words defiant and contemptuous, uttered in the loudest tones of his thundering voice. The general's friends, grouped around the couch of the bleeding chief, disregarded these demonstrations, and the victorious and exulting brothers retired.

### Beer For Bald Heads.

The Herr Doctor von Eulenspiegel, formerly of Pumpernickel University, writes to baldheads to the New York Sun: "Years past—Ach! himmel, how many now!—when student, I recall seeing and fearing the episode of beer-pouring upon the heads of the students. In later life, when hair-losing, such treatment remembers it, and thence on for a decade. I anoint my locks with beer. But such makes stickiness, and much attraction of the

*musca domestica*, or housefly. On which, with ten 'cars' brain thought and tobacco poadering, I strike on suddenly this brilliant idea, viz: 'Best apply the beer within the skull than outside.' Eureka! Thus forty since elapsing years, I drink it; and now (triumph of findings and applyings—those twin handmaids of the all-great science) I have at base of the cerebellum a furry fringe perceivable, and to hair distinct resemblance bearing; also, I still retain my eyebrows. Proclaim this, Herr Editor, to your barren-headed readers, (in name of holy science it is devoted free,) that beer enough—say forty glasses daily—will cure their baldness . . . Either that or make them cease to care about it."

### LESSONS FROM JAPAN.

How the Japanese Cover Their Floors with Mats.

From the Carpet Trade Review.

In Japan, however, the floors are universally hidden by the tatami, or bedded mats. These are of regulation size throughout the empire, and in building a house the rooms are divided off so to hold a certain number of these units of floor measure. A tatami is exactly five feet nine inches long, three feet wide, and two and one-half inches thick, or, in round numbers and Japanese measure, 6x3x2. The only difference between the mats that cover the imperial floor and those of the cottagers is that the former are larger in size and are covered with a gayer border. In ordinary houses this border is black or indigo blue. In the palace it is white. Even the throne of that now defunct official, the Tycoon, as well as the place of eminence of the Mikado, whom he imitated, was only a square, padded mat, a few inches higher than common and edged with variegated colors. A Japanese floor being so substantially covered, need be only of cheap, unplaned wood, laid without mortices. This floor is two and a half inches below the grooved sills in which the door, or rather partitions slide. Hinges are used only on gates. Into this huge pan, so to speak, which the floor makes the mats are laid and fit snugly together, lying with their surface level with the sills or grooves. The mats are the household property of the tenants, as landlords rent the houses uncapted, as we do. In case of fire, people pull up these expensive ornaments and run. A collection of tatami usually requires the first outlay of a Japanese couple toward housekeeping. Often these exquisitely clean and soft mats are the chief, if not the only, articles of furniture in certain rooms. The Chinese for centuries have used chairs and lounges, but the Japanese eschew these luxuries, using the floor and its covering for ceremony and the occasions of eating, drinking and sleeping. The tatami serve for tables, bedsteads, chairs and lounging purposes. In palace and in hut, alike guiltless of sitting machinery, has grown up that elaborate system of etiquette, and ceremonial renowned over the world. Only by generals in the field were folding camp-chairs used. In the monastery the Abbot sat in state, or, for reflection, in the arm-chair. The Japanese have the word "koshi-kake" (back-rest), but there is no general word nor equivalent for our simple word "chair." Most of the obsequies and exaggerated politeness of these Oriental islanders may be thus mechanically accounted for. If the superior is no higher than the floor the inferior must bow low indeed. To salute properly, indoors, one must turn his head into a temporary tack-hammer and pound vigorously on the floor.

These tatami last nearly a lifetime, as they are trodden on not with boots, but only with socks. Every traveler in Japan is charmed with these soft, clean, durable mats. Every gentleman, native or foreign, removes his shoes, clogs or sandals before he imprints them. Stocking feet is the rule indoors, and the native socks are more thickly soled than ours. The custom of wearing boots is rapidly driving the "civilized" natives to banish tatami and lay down carpets. An English lady traveler recently speaks of these mats as being "soft as Axminster carpets;" though her statement that they are "as expensive as Brussels carpets" is an exaggeration. There being by the last census, over 7,000,000 houses in Japan, and each house averaging, at a low compensation, thirty tatami, there are over 210,000,000 of these mats, or, in area, 42,000,000 square yards. They are the very emblems of silence and cleanliness, and fashion may some day demand that the tatami find a place in our houses, churches and hospitals.

### A Voice from the Dead.

As it seems probable that the assassin Guiteau, will set up the plea of insanity when brought to trial, it is of considerable interest to know what his victim thought of that plea, and fortunately the evidence is at hand. In the year 1871, a man named Gelemino was tried at Cleveland, Ohio, on a charge of murder, and the plea of emotional insanity was as usual employed in his defense. Judge R. F. Payne presided at the trial, and in his charge to the jury dealt very severely with this form of defense. The Judge's charge struck a popular chord, and elicited numbers of approving comments and letters. Among them was the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C. February 6, 1871.  
Dear Judge: Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid charge to the jury at the close of the Gelemino case. The whole country owes you a debt of gratitude for brushing away the wicked absurdity which has lately been palmed off on the country as law on the subject of insanity. If this thing had gone on much farther all that a man would need to secure himself from the charge of murder would be to rave a little and tear his hair a little, and then kill his man. I hope you will print your excellent charge in pamphlet form, and send it to all the judges in the land. Very truly yours JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The country now feels as General Garfield felt when he wrote that letter, and it certainly was never less inclined to tolerate the "wicked absurdity" to which he refers, than at the present time.

### "What's De Ole Man."

Texas Siftings.

Deacon Gabe Snodgrass of the Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, had his wool and beard dyed the other day. It was as white as the driven snow, but after it was dyed as black as a raven's wing, a man with a bill to collect from him would not have recognized him without assistance. Uncle Mose met Gabe and it was not until the latter had smelt Gabe's breath that he was convinced of his identity. While they were talking, up came Jim Webster, who also failed to recognize his old friend Gabe.

"Dis heah am Gabe Snodgrass," said Uncle Mose.

"How's yer foddar?" I didn't know he had a growed up son," said Jim.

"I ain't got no foddar," said Gabe.

"I know a niggah by yore name, but his head was white, and he must hab been forty yeahs younger dan you is. What's become ob dat ar Gabe Snodgrass?" asked Jim.

"He dyed," responded old Gabe solemnly.

### The Salutary Influence of a Beautiful Ideal.

Lecky's Rationalism in Europe.

The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin mother, into a new sphere, and became the object of reverent homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, ignorant, and benighted age, this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron, in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought with no barren desire to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings, and vigils, and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of life; in these and in many other ways we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of the purest elements of our civilization.

### The Mule and the Man in Kentucky.

Owensboro (Ky.) Post.

Whoever steals a mule in Kentucky, and the theft is proved on him, is sure to be sent to the penitentiary for a number of years. The punishment is great and ought to be inflicted. Our Penal Code is written in barbaric style and executed in Draconic order. Whoso kills a fellow-man is almost sure to be acquitted. There may be a few postponements of trial—possibly a change of venue—but the inevitable acquittal comes surely. What a desecration of justice is this! What a fearful comment upon the sordid avarice of the age! Is principal measured by gold? Then Christ was wrong when he scourged the money-changers out of the temple of the living God. There is but a single pulsation of heart between any one of us and eternity, and the ruffian who stills that in death violates the laws of heaven and of man. Not all the wealth of the Indies can return life, and not all the mules in the world (it grieves horribly on the sensibilities to write such a shocking idea) can impart consolation and joy to the soul or the bereaved ones that are so sorely, so cruelly bereft of a parent, a husband, brother or lover. It would seem that judgment was dethroned and reason had lost her balance when a murderer goes hence from all penalties so easily, and is often received in polite circles and comes dubbed a gentleman. This can not endure; but how long ere deliverance cometh?

### A Funny Finny Affair.

From the Louisa (N. Y.) Republican.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week there was a curious scene witnessed on Conesus Lake. M. L. Forsyth and his family, and Edward Butterway and his sister were staying at Walton, and on Wednesday evening some one placed a lamp with a reflector on the bow of the boat for the novelty and convenience of having a lamp while rowing, and were amazed by the curious antics of the bass and pickerel, which commenced jumping all around them, and one two-pound black bass actually jumped into the boat. On Thursday evening the experiment was renewed, and a hammock fastened to a pole into which four large bass jumped, one weighing four pounds. Those who witnessed the novel exhibition were greatly excited. Large pickerel and bass leaped fully six feet from the water, and skinned a distance of a rod or more before disappearing. They came up in all directions, some of them striking violently the bottom and sides of the boat, and some at a distance of several rods. Whether the finny fellows were frightened, or supposed the glaring light was intended to celebrate some event in their watery kingdom, is a mystery. But as there is no fact in regard to fish and their habits and actions which Seth Green is unequal to, we refer the matter to him, and ask for a solution of the funny, finny affair.

### An Adventurous Creature.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, writes of the curious life and adventures of a woman named Lucy Ann Lobdell, who was married at 17, was deserted a year later, and became the "Female Hunter of Long Eddy." She assumed a man's garments, shouldered her gun, and used to tramp through the woods from the Hudson to the Susquehanna, making dying visits to her mother, who lived at Long Eddy, New York, and to whom she had confided the care of a little child. She had at least a dozen habitations, most of them caves, and her life was filled with hazardous adventure. Finally her health broke down, and she returned to civilization, found her way to the poor house, left it and married another female inmate of the institution by way of a hoax, lived with the woman for a long time, but was arrested and put in jail as a vagrant while tramping about the country. When she was released, she deserted her wife, and finally found her way into an insane asylum. She was a crack shot, a perfect woodsman, and had the courage and strength of a man, and the tales she told at the insane asylum are said to have been full of the wildest spirit of romance and adventure.

A German paper gives the following simple test for watered milks. A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle; but, if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

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### WHISTLE, WHISTLE LOVING DAUGHTER.

## AUTUMN EVENING.

E. L. B. The birds return, that in the fall  
Have winged their way to southern clime;  
And flowers that lie neath winter's pale,  
Shall bloom again in summer time.  
But the sweet visions of my youth,  
Dreamed in those joyous, sunny hours,  
Too bright to last, too frail for truth,  
Return not, with the fragrant hours.  
I watch the sunlight's fading glow,  
Far in the west, so faintly burning,  
Nor'st thou to see him sinking low.  
For morn will bring his sure returning:  
Lost opportunities, alas,  
Those sad neglected summer flowers,  
Trough by-gone years, like specters pass,  
Dear Lord, forgive my misspent hours.  
The autumn of my life glides on,  
And coming winter chills the air;  
Yet all of beauty not gone,  
And lovely flowers still linger here;  
Tis true, they are a sad-eyed band,  
Of waning life and light a part,  
Still I will pluck with eager hand,  
And thankful, press them to my heart.  
'Tis not among life's gayest flowers  
We find the sweet perfume of peace,  
And calm our evening's quiet hours.  
When all our noonday turmoils cease,  
What matter though the sinking sun  
Cast lengthening shadows through the glade,  
His last warm rays lead to that bourn  
Where flowers and sunshine never fade.

## TOO AWFUL LY UTTER.

A Deadwood Man's Interview with a Brooklyn Girl.

Detroit Free Press.

"Well," said a Deadwood man who had just been introduced to a Brooklyn girl, and who had been asked by her if they had many of those lovely frontiersmen out his way—"well, mum, we've right smart of 'em in our neck o' the woods."

"And do they wear fringed legs and hunt those deer, sweet buffalo?" asked the girl.

"The stage drivers wear fringe and such, and when a buffalo shines out some one is poopy apt to hook on."

"How supreme! And those gorgeous Indians in their picturesque wigwams of wampum, with their blinding combinations of war paint, do you often see them?"

"Oh! once in awhile we gets back at a buck, but mostly they are on the reservations," replied the Deadwood man staring. "They does comes in occasionally, but we don't track with them."

"The sweet things! And you have such sunsets out in your mountain fastnesses, and such loves of highwaymen! Do you ever see those delightful highwaymen?"

"Not often, mum. They get in the brush, and as for sunsets, we get 'em pretty reg'lar in fair weather."

"Isn't it just too awfully too!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands and rolling her eyes.

"Yes, mum," stammered the Deadwood man, "sometimes it's pretty dark, too, leastwise it was the day that Cobbler Duffy came into town on the landside."

"An avalanche! Do you mean an avalanche? Oh! Can there be anything more crystally ute- than an avalanche!"

"It was poopy tooty, ute," hazarded the Deadwood man, dropping into his companion's style of expression. "The cobbler had a-a-crystally shaft up the side of the butte and one day he was—was tooting around up there, and things slipped out from under him."

"Oh! how radiant! How iridescent."

"Yes, mum, and began to radiate to 'ards down at the rate of 1,000 miles and three fur-long a minute. We seen him a—a uttering down the side of the mountains, rippling up trees and rocks and tooting along, and his riser-ive wife flapped out of her schack and began to raise a row."

"Poor Lily," moaned the girl; "did she stop the glorious avalanche?"

"No, mum, not quite. Duffy fetched up against his schack all standing and began to howl like a bizzard, 'cause he thought he'd lost his mine. But when they tipped the land slide on one end there was the mine underneath just as he had left it. So he could work it right under his winder. That was poopy consider-able too, eh?" and the Deadwood man never winked.

"How sublime! How crystalline!"

"But I was going to say we never had a sun-set since."

"So star like," murmured the girl.

"Yes, mostly star like. You see the land slide stands there to this day on end, and they don't dare to turn it over for fear of filling in the town, so we don't get any sun after 11 in the morning."

"A perennial twilight! So fearfully, terribly, awfully ute."

"Yes," murmured the Deadwood man, "It's just about as ute as you get 'em."

And she sat and gazed upon him, wrapped in admiration, while he fell into a reverie, and wondered at Brooklyn hospitality in not providing "sand-boxes" for strangers.

## The Diet Cure.

The following from Dr. Nichols Book on "The diet cure" may not be amiss for farmers to read:

"Eating should be performed only in response to a natural appetite. With this precaution there would not be much sickness to cure; but in case of most ordinary sickness the first thing to do is to rest. Eat nothing so long as the stomach does not crave for it. In certain stages of disease, where the organs of digestion are weakened and disordered, the best beginning of a cure may be total abstinence for a time from all kinds of food. There is no cure like it. If the stomach cannot digest, the best way is not to force anything upon it—give it rest. Rest is the one thing which it needs. Take nothing but pure soft water, and only that when demanded by the sensation of thirst—this will make the best possible beginning of a cure in great majority of cases. When convalescence takes place, and the patient feels that he could eat something with relish, let that something be plain and easy of digestion, and let its quantity be small. A few days of such feeding will usually set one all right for his regular meals, without the aid of any medicine whatever."

## A Utah Character.

Salt Lake Letter: Mary's Vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sevier river flows. It contains a mining camp, and is the home of Gen. Agamonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The saints call him "Big Windy," in ridicule of his remarkable conversational powers. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sevier river, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharpe's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The general married Mrs. Clara Stenhouse Young (widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son), and being a Gentile and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union general during the war; has adventured some in Mexico, and was for years actively and prominently identified with the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter the room where I sat and place a carbine and double-barrel shot gun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a Bowie knife and slip a silver mounted Derringer in his hip pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of Gen. Agamonte. Accompanying him were two beautiful boys, ten or twelve years of age, grandsons of the prophet. I never passed a more

agreeable evening. As a wit, story-teller, mimic and eloquent narrator of exciting events I have rarely seen his equal. He speaks English, Spanish, French and German with equal fluency, and "sets a table in a roar" as naturally as though laughing were the chief business of all mankind. I could not bring myself to believe that he was of Spanish descent. After he had retired for the night a short conversation occurred on this point. One gentleman thought he was an Englishman, another thought he was a Dane. The third said: "Gentlemen, I remember reading an incident in one of Marryat's novels. A finely-uniformed officer was pacing the quarter-deck with great dignity, when a sailor who had fallen from the mast-head struck the deck immediately behind him. 'Where the — did you come from?' inquired the officer with some asperity. 'From the north of Ireland, yer Honor,' was the prompt reply. That is my opinion of Agamonte. I believe that he came from the north of Ireland. He is certainly one of the shrewdest, wittiest men in Utah."

## A NEW WATER ROUTE.

### The Proposal to Ship Grain to Europe Over the Ice by Way of Hudson Bay.

A company has been formed in Canada, says the New York Tribune, to open what is called in their prospectus a new route from Europe to the interior of North America. They propose to build a railroad from Churchill harbor, on the western shore of Hudson bay, to the wheat fields of Manitoba, and to establish a line of steamers from Churchill harbor to Liverpool. The scheme looks well on paper, and has some features of interest, though its present feasibility as a business enterprise may well be questioned. People who have studied geography from maps instead of globes will, no doubt, be surprised to be told that the distance by water from Liverpool to the western shore of Hudson bay, at the mouth of the Churchill river, a point in the heart of the continent, is 114 miles shorter than that from Liverpool to New York, and sixty-four miles shorter than that from Liverpool to Montreal. This fact, in connection with the rapid settlement of the fertile wheat region of the northwest, is a challenge to commercial enterprise to seek a new waterway to Europe for the increasing grain product of Manitoba and Dakota. The harbor of the Churchill is said to be deep enough to accommodate the largest steamships, and the only difficulty in navigating Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay (no bay, properly speaking, but a great inland sea) arises from ice. It is not supposed the route could be kept open for more than three or four months in the year, but the projectors imagine that it would be profitable, even with such a limited season for its annual operations.

From Liverpool the steamers of the proposed route, after clearing the coast of Ireland, would steer a straight course to Cape Farewell, at the southern extremity of Greenland, and thence would proceed due westward across David strait to Resolution island, at the entrance to Hudson strait. This latter strait, leading to Hudson bay, is from forty-five to 100 miles wide, and its navigation is not dangerous. When Hudson Bay were reached there would be plain sailing across it to Churchill harbor. The distance from Churchill to a point on the Canadian Pacific railroad, which would be the southern terminus of the projected line, is about 350 miles. The country is a wilderness for most of the way, and is of doubtful value for future settlement, but the construction of a railroad through it, following the valley of the Churchill and Nelson rivers, would not be a very difficult undertaking.

The whole scheme looks Quixotic, but it may only anticipate the future by a few decades. When population becomes dense in this country and Canada and the reserves of arable wild land are exhausted, coming generations may find that the enormous territory of British America is not all a frozen wilderness. Parts of it may prove as favorable for human habitation as Finland and Norway, and the numerous alluvial valleys may support a hardy population. When that day comes the surplus grain product of the Northwest will be of such vast dimensions that a route to Liverpool, which saves the whole distance from Winnipeg to Montreal, may be found practicable and profitable.

## For Young Husbands Only.

A lady gives the following advice to young husbands: "I should like to give a little advice to matrimonially inclined young men. Have a home of your own. If necessary, I would not object to your father and mother finding a home with you; but you should tell your affianced wife of this arrangement beforehand. Have it well understood by all parties that the home is yours, and your wife is mistress there. If the lot has fallen upon you to be the bread-winner for your mother and younger brothers and sisters in home that is rightfully yours, your bride may be looked upon as an intruder, and her position a trying one; but far, far pleasanter that, than if the home were your mother's and your wife had no real right there. Many a young man has taken his wife to his father's house to await the completion of his own, and during the five or six months that passed before settling down in their own home the veil that fancy had woven around the bride is rudely pulled away by his dearest friends, who sees and multiplies her faults and disparages her virtues. Sometimes the feud thus begun lasts through the life of both parties, and the husband who expected a lasting friendship to spring up between his wife and mother, sees nothing more than polite tolerance on the part of each. He confidently expects the antipathy to die out after a few years, but only when he sees his children growing up estranged from his relatives does he realize the fault as his in taking his bride to his father's."

## A FEMALE HAMLET.

Anna Dickinson has at last overcome her aversion to pantaloons and will appear in male Shakespearean roles.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson's debut as Hamlet will be made in New York on January 2 under the management of Charles A. Mendum, of this city, and Frank Curtis. She will appear in New Haven, Hartford, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia. In nearly all of these cities she will play in the theaters chosen for Bernhardt last season. In Boston her company will not appear under Mr. Stetson's management. She will play in the Boston theater, and at the academy of music in Philadelphia, opening on March 10. She will appear during her engagement as Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, and Macbeth. "Lastly," said Mr. Mendum, "the importance of the scheme is not only that a woman is to appear in male characters, but the woman is Anna Dickinson. She especially wishes and earnestly expects that the printing used by the company will be of the modest and quiet kind. Miss Dickinson strictly objects to being 'circled' and she believes only in newspaper advertisement. On the 6th of May she will sail for England to fulfill an engagement under our management at the Crystal Palace, beginning June 6, and continuing for six weeks. Miss Dickinson is acknowledged by all to be one of the very hardest workers in her new profession. Her idea of the true Shakespeare characters in which she will at first appear—Hamlet and Macbeth—is very different from the imper-

sonation in vogue. Miss Dickinson's Hamlet will be as original as Fitcher's and as widely different from Booth's conception of the part as the former's was. She will not play her own pieces—either The Crown or of Thors or Aurelian during her first engagement in this country."

## The American Tour.

From the London Daily News.

Once confined to men of business like "American" Henry of Manchester, the trip over the "Atlantic Ferry" has of late years become one of the favorite pleasure tours of Englishmen. It is said of a poetical peer that he once excused himself for not going to the United States by the plea that if he once got there he should never be able to get away. Perhaps all Englishmen are not quite so enthusiastic on the subject of American institutions as the venerable nobleman alluded to, and mayhap are more curious than appreciative; but whatever the cause may be the result is patent that year by year more of our countrymen turn westward when the session of parliament is over and they have a couple of months at least at their disposal. Americans who once complained that the affairs of their country occupied scant space in the newspapers of Europe, and that nearly all the Europeans who came to the great republic of the west did so because they were "played out" in their own country, have now at least one grievance the less. Not only are the United States largely visited every year by Englishmen, but by a class of our countrymen eminently fitted to comprehend and appreciate the character of the new institutions growing up on the other side of the Atlantic. Among the number of intending passengers to America, who so crowded Liverpool last Friday night that the principal hotels were filled to the roof, were Englishmen of rank, fame and reputation in the world of politics, religion and culture.

Year by year the eyes of Europe are turned with increasing interest toward America. Little thought is taken of the wheat fields of Ukraine now that Minnesota and other grain-growing regions of the far west exercise a powerful influence upon English prices. Instead of looking narrowly at local supplies the farmer looks anxiously toward America and endeavors to anticipate the result of her—we had almost written dreaded—harvest. New grainaries are opening in the northwest, far beyond Manitoba and Lake Winnipeg, in the great valley of the Saskatchewan. Now that it is an affair of only eight or nine days to cross the ocean, rising politicians, ambitious lawyers, and popular clergymen, as well as mighty hunters and hard-headed men of business think it but a small matter to or as the sea, push into the regions of the Far West, and see for themselves whether the marvels told of its fruitfulness be true.

In such a trip there is not, perhaps, to the elegant scholar of the old school the delight to be found in dallying among the ruins of antique Rome, or in studying the marvels of the Renaissance in Florence, Genoa or Venice. The New World displays another class of phenomena, the impact of civilization upon the wilderness, the advance of the genuine colonist in the rear of that grim skirmisher the "border ruffian," the puffing of the steam engine and the scream of the railway whistle amid the forest primeval.

Contrary to expectations the New York republican state convention was entirely harmonious. There was not a ripple of discord. Nearly all the anti-Conkling delegates obtained their seats. Gen. Joseph B. Carr was unanimously nominated for secretary of state. Ira Davenport was nominated for state controller in place of Jas. W. Wadsworth, who declined renomination. Leslie W. Russell was nominated attorney general in place of Hamilton Ward, the present incumbent. The vote stood, Russell 253, Ward 231. Silas Seymour was nominated for State engineer and Francis M. Finch for judge of the court appeals, both by acclamation.

## DRUGGISTS.

### W. M. HOLLEMBACK, Drugs and Medicines.

### J. P. DUNN & CO., Drugs and Medicines.

### PETERSON, VEEDER & CO., Drugs and Medicines.

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### J. P. DUNN &amp

## The Bismarck Tribune.

### LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Pawn your duster and get out your ulster.

The Nellie Peck was at Buford last Tuesday.

The Gen. Meade arrived at Poplar river Tuesday, the 11th.

From thirteen to fifteen boats will probably winter at this city.

Ho for St. Louis! Take the steamer Red Cloud for St. Louis to-morrow.

Mr. A. D. Pratt has been the father of a bouncing girl since day before yesterday.

Big stories will be told by Berkleman and party on their return from the west.

Chas. A. Vincent's troupe will open at Whitney's Opera House on the 20th inst., for four nights.

Wild geese are beginning to migrate southward, and but a few days remain in which they can be shot.

Ed. L. Conant, who acted as night operator at the Bismarck office for some time, left for his home at La Crosse yesterday morning.

A nine and a half pound daughter arrived at L. B. Murray's on Monday last. The father is happy, and all is well with mother and child.

Pat Malloy wouldn't recognize his friends yesterday because he was so proud. And all because he is the father of a brand new baby.

Charlie Hall, the popular passenger conductor of this city, went gunning yesterday, and succeeded in bagging a goose and several mallard ducks.

J. H. Saunders, the night operator at the telegraph office, has been succeeded by Mr. C. E. Draper, of Marshalltown, Ia., who will hereafter take the TRIBUNE press report.

A hunting party consisting of John Veeder, Ed Sloan, and one or two others will leave here in about ten days for the upper waters of the Heart river after black tailed deer.

W. D. Smith, the furniture man in the TRIBUNE block, has one of the finest stocks of furniture of all kinds ever, brought into this city, and as to prices they are way down.

The ladies' mite sociable of the Presbyterian church will be held at the residence of Mrs. Wm. M. Pyc, on Friday evening, October 14, at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Capt. Anderson, of the steamer Milwaukee, says he has been on the upper Missouri for the past twenty years, and has never in all that time seen the Missouri river with so little water at this season of the year.

Another large invoice of new furniture was secured at W. D. Smith's furniture emporium yesterday, among which are the latest styles of parlor and bed-room sets, curtain, cornices, whatnots, brackets, couches, pictures, etc.

The Eclipse arrived at 5 o'clock yesterday morning and expected to make another trip. Capt. Grant Marsh, however, received a letter from Leighton & Jordan yesterday ordering the boat to remain at Bismarck, and immediately go into winter quarters.

Capt. Williams, of the steamer Red Cloud, yesterday received orders to report at St. Louis with his boat as soon as possible, and in accordance with the order will start to-morrow morning. An advertisement to that effect appears elsewhere.

Adam Moore has left at Raymond's store some samples of potatoes that are simply immense. They will average one and one-half pounds each, and the yield was about 200 bushels to the acre. J. W. Raymond has shipped some of them to friends at St. Louis and some to friends in Florida.

Mr. Ed. C. Green, recently employed in the railroad office, has succeeded Mr. Van Bergen as manager of the Western Union commercial office, and will prove a competent and faithful employee. Mr. Green is a cousin of Superintendent Green, and one of the best operators on the line of the road. He will give satisfaction to the public.

It is claimed by parties arriving from up river yesterday that the Pennish sold three gallons instead of a quart of liquor, and that there are several affidavits to substantiate the fact. It is also asserted that the Pennish is no more guilty than a number of other boats that have been fortunate enough to escape the penalties of the law.

A Fargo man writes a country post master: "Most honorable and august manipulator of Uncle Sam's itinerant literature—There may be some epistles addressed to me lying in your care at present, and if such be the case you will favor me by forwarding the same to me at the above address. This request stands solid until Friday, the 7th inst., after which I shall be in Bismarck. Your attention to

this matter will greatly oblige, your obedient servant, — — — — —"

Hon. J. F. Wallace has taken a contract to place the trees on the tree claim of Chas. R. Williams.

Mr. C. E. Van Bergen, who has worked so faithfully and made many friends during the time he has served as manager of the Western Union telegraph office, has resigned his position, and will leave in a few days to accept the position of assistant manager and chief operator of the office of the new Mutual Union company at Minneapolis. Mr. Van Bergen has struggled hard with the inefficiency of the Western Union lines, and will be glad to exchange his work for a company that has substantial lines, good managers and respectable salaries. The patrons of the Western Union company will regret Mr. Van Bergen's departure.

Chas. Vincent returned from below yesterday. His company will make their first appearance at Whitney's Tuesday evening, arriving Monday evening. It comprises seventeen selected artists, all of whom are well known. They will appear several evenings at Bismarck before lady audiences and will not fail to give satisfaction. The company is known as the Northwestern Theatrical Company, J. W. Curtis & Co. proprietors, with Chas. Vincent manager. Mr. Vincent has had an experience of over twenty years and has been selected for his position because of his ability, excellent reputation and thorough knowledge of the west. The company will and ought to draw immensely.

A sorry looking circus parade was visible on the streets of Bismarck Sunday. A poor, disconsolate horse, dragging two poles, upon which were hung two or three dyspeptic mud hens, was seen coming up the street. Three individuals were following along in single file in the rear, and were at first taken for stragglers from Sitting Bull's band. A closer inspection on the part of Ald. Berkleman, however, developed the fact that it was W. B. Bell, Jerry Plants and John Veeder. They had started out the day before for a good hunt, and one of their horses had died as it contemplated the amount of ammunition that would be wasted. Ald. Berkleman wanted to have their pictures taken and hung up beside the decoy duck that Carnahan fired at all of one afternoon.

Views of the  
**YELLOWSTONE,**  
Bad Lands,  
**BLACK HILLS**  
and  
**Upper Missouri,**  
including all points of  
interest on the line of  
the North Pacific Railroad,  
published by  
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Catalogues free.

**GARFIELD** Agents wanted for life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from cradle to grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outsell any other book ten to one. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free.

GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.  
w19-22

**Notice of Final Proof.**  
LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.,  
October 13.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at this office the 15th day of November, 1881, at 10 a. m., viz.:

John Wertz, d. s. No. 266, filed November 24, 1879, for the northeast quarter sec. 34, twp. 140 n range 8 w, and names the following as his witnesses, viz.: William Oscordwood, Pat Manley, Charles Chamberlain and Robert Lees, Burleigh County, D. T., Postoffice Bismarck.

56-w19-23 JOHN A. REA.

**PILES! PILES! PILES!**

**A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer.**

A sure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian Remedy,) called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 22 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothering medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, Itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment."

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00. HENRY & CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, Wholesale Ag'ts. St. Paul, Minn.

When you have an inflamed eye, a swelled hand, or decayed and aching tooth, you do not take and fill your stomach with drugs to cure it, but apply a cooling lotion or some soothing narcotic directly to the parts. So if you have a wad of Isaac back, sore kidneys, profuse or scanty urine, or the secretory system is clogged or inactive, you should use Prof. Gulmette's French Kidney Pat., which is a directly local application, which always gives speedy relief and always cures the disease. Ask your druggist or.

**Stray Cattle.**

Strayed from my place at Spring Cooley, on the Buford road, September 22, 1881, four head of work oxen. Two are red, about nine years old; one has scar on left shoulder. The other has rope on his head. The other two are four years old; one red and white, and the other white and yellowish. Any information that will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded. Should they be found near Bismarck, McLean & Macnider will receive them and settle all charges.

CHARLES WELLER.

d.37-38 w18-19

### STEELE TOWNSITE BOOM

# KIDDER COUNTY LANDS

FREE

## The Great Wheat Belt of Dakota.

### Special Inducements to Farmers.

Thousands of Acres open for Settlement under the Pre-emption, Tree Culture and Homestead Laws

Numerous Lakes and Excellent Water throughout the County.

The superior soil proven by the results on the

## Famous Steele Farm!

which has averaged for the past three years over

30 bushels per acre.

Best Bargains on the Line of the North Pacific Railroad

Good Lands Within Four Miles of the New Town of Steele, th County Seat of Kidder County

Town Lots as Cheap as Dirt. Over Three Hundred Already Sold.

Special Offer for the Next 60 Days

Every farmer who locates near the town of Steele during the next sixty days will be given a residence lot in the town free. Every farmer should have a city residence, and the proprietors of the townsite propose that they shall have one. Parties wishing to enter lands this fall can have buildings erected in town on their own lots, where they can live until spring. Farmers will readily understand the advantage of locating near the county seat, and especially in land which the North Pacific railroad considers the best in Dakota. Kidder is a new county, organized in 1880, and therefore is as yet little settled. None but the better class of people are wanted, and there is room for thousands of such families. All information regarding the town and county will be given free. The new court house is finished, and the depot, elevator and several store buildings and residences are now in course of construction. Being about half-way between Jamestown and Bismarck the town is bound to grow in importance very rapidly. For all information address either

**W. F. STEELE M. H. JEWELL,**

Steele, D. T.

Bismarck, D. T.